

STORY OF THE TRANSVAAL STRUGGLE
NOVEMBER 1899 ARTICLES—ILLUSTRATED
ILLUSTRATED—CLEVER STORIES 10 Cents
AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE FLAG

By PETER MAC QUEEN, Staff Correspondent

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Nov 1899

NATIONAL MAGAZINE



MONTHLY PUBLICATION BY THE W. W. POTTER COMPANY, 91 BEDFORD STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
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The Story of Vanilla.

CHAPTER XII.

BY ROBERT MANTON.

The introduction of Vanilla flavoring into America and its history are inseparably connected with the Joseph Burnett Company of Boston. As a matter of fact, the development of this industry throughout the world, is due more to this famous house than to any other on either hemisphere.

In 1850 Mr. Joseph Burnett was the leading druggist of Boston, with his place of business in Tremont Street. At that time the only extract of any kind made in America was a cheap extract of lemon.

One day in that year a lady who had lived some years in France entered the store of this chemist, and said she was very anxious to procure a vanilla flavor for her creams and sauces, such as she had been getting in Paris. A few French chefs used the only vanilla in this country at that time. The only way they got this flavor was to purchase one or two vanilla beans, cut them up and put them in a linen bag ready for use like a tea ball, for flavoring whatever was required. The result was most unsatisfactory, for when the bag was first used it would give a delicious flavor of vanilla, but afterwards it became diluted and consequently unsatisfactory, so it never was uniform and always expensive, as the flavor was never thoroughly extracted.

Mr. Burnett bought a pound of the best vanilla beans that could be procured, and made the first Vanilla Extract that was ever sold in this country. He gave the lady a sample of this

extract, which she declared was superior to the French product. She told her friends and so the demand grew in Boston. Then orders came from New York and elsewhere, so from this small beginning the business grew all over the United States and throughout the civilized world.

With the growth of the industry, came all sorts of competition, but the encroachments of business rivals were never fierce enough to swerve the company from its fixed principles.

The artifices of chemistry—the clamor for cheapness—the temptation to lower qualities in order to reduce price—never influenced the house of Joseph Burnett to manufacture anything but the best extracts they knew how to make.

To-day competition is so great as to be almost discouraging to the honest extract maker. The market is flooded with vile, dangerous and poisonous mixtures labelled "Vanilla Extract". In many of them there is not a trace or atom of vanilla. But the Burnett Extracts are the same as ever. They are the world's standard of excellence. They are

handled by all reliable store-keepers and are universally used by housewives who take not only pride in the cuisine, but who also have a due regard for their own health and that of their families.

All good housewives, all good cooks, all good confectioners, should *insist* upon obtaining Burnett's Vanilla, and *should use no other*.



SHE TOLD HER FRIENDS.



We have secured a limited number of copies of this famous painting in platinum, which will be sold to readers of "The National Magazine" at the special price of 50 cents for 8x10 size, and \$2.25 for 14x17. Sent postpaid to any address. This painting, the Siebel Madonna, is considered one of the best of the modern school, and is unequalled as a Christmas gift.



THE · NOVEMBER · MARKET

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XI.

NOVEMBER, 1899

No. 2

STORY OF THE TRANSVAAL STRUGGLE

By Alfred Hastings



LESS than four months ago I saw President Kruger on Commerce street in Johannesburg. He was then under a weight of care, resulting from perplexing problems, and the embers of a decided war-spirit were smouldering among the young and progressive Boers. There is no doubt in my mind at this time, from what I learned of the situation, that President Kruger was more worried over the opposition among his own people than over Chamberlain's ultimatums. Kruger is like one of our old Vermont farmers, full of common sense and shrewdness, and has passed through an ordeal the past few months which has given him a pre-eminent place in modern statecraft. General Joubert, the commander of the army, was also for peace, but he was very unpopular, and his influence tended rather to incite the younger party. His present attitude in

relation to President Kruger is not unlike the past relations of Secretary Alger to President McKinley.

There seems to be very little known of the real inside of the situation. The sympathy with the Boers is universal—in fact, I felt it strongly while there, although connected with English interests, and compelled to endure the inborn dislike of Boers for Uitlanders. A feeling of sympathy is also shared to a large extent by their neighbors in the Cape colony.

At the battle of Majuba Hill, in 1882, the Boers proved their prowess in arms, even against the impregnable British regulars, and the glory of that victory is naturally intoxicating to the young Boers of to-day. To have served in that war is a mark of distinction that yields as decided an influence in obtaining public position, as the Union soldiers in the North enjoyed after the Civil War ended.

England granted an independency in local affairs to the Transvaal, but retained a suzerainty, which included the privilege of controlling all the dealings of the republic on foreign affairs.

The Uitlanders, or outsiders, chiefly English, came to the country in swarms, attracted by the newly discovered gold mines, and in the indus-

*Mr. Hastings has recently returned from South Africa, and has prepared this article especially for "The National Magazine."

trial development of the country nearly ninety per cent of the capital utilized developing the country is foreign.

This naturally aroused the fears of the Boers that they must look sharp after their interests, or they would be overwhelmed by the Uitlanders, and they sought to tighten the reins of control by refusing outsiders the right to vote, although they were paying the larger part of the taxes which supported the government.

Concisely stated—and I say it in all sympathy with the Boers, as an American—and despite the general popular feeling of sympathy for the little republic, the Boers are somewhat at fault. They will neither go ahead and develop the wonderful resources of their country, nor will they allow the

Uitlanders to do so by granting them franchise rights accorded by any civilized country on the globe.

I do not pretend to be a literary critic, but would say that one of the best descriptions of the Transvaal of to-day is "Oom Paul and His People" by Howard C. Hillegas, recently published by D. Appleton & Co. It is the best book which has yet appeared on the Transvaal. He relates the facts and situation there more vividly and comprehensively than any author who has published a book, although I might feel hesitancy in accepting some of his conclusions. The book has the stamp of sincerity and result of keen perceptive and comparative observations. The interview with President Kruger is certainly a strong statement of the situation.

With war against the British actually in progress, it will be interesting to know of the hermit Boer. A hunter by profession, he loves his native veldt, and now that the great heat of summer, which dries up all the streams is past, he goes to war with all the renewed energy of his being. In corduroy, flannel and broad-brimmed hat, he is a striking picture, inasmuch as the average height of the Boers is over six feet. His religion, according to the Old Testament, comes first and the prayers in camp recall the days of Cromwell. The church controls the state and the Progressives who sing hymns are frowned upon by the Conservatives at the *Nachtmaal* or Communion which is held late

MAP OF SOUTH AFRICA



From the "Review of Reviews"

MARKET SQUARE IN JOHANNESBURG



in the year at the Capitol, and which is a veritable Mecca, as the people all come to this event and camp about the city.

It is truly interesting to see the Boer families move about with their great wagons and eight span of oxen, after the dry season begins, hunting new pastures and water for their flocks.

All eyes are turned on Uncle Paul Kruger, one of the most unique characters of the century.

All the struggle may be centred in the one thing called the "root of all evil." Kruger is said to be worth millions, and Cecil Rhodes millions more, and it is a fight to the death between these two millionaires, who cordially hate each other.

Whether the game is worth the candle the future can only tell. I think all Americans who have been there will agree that it is no country to fight over as a permanent place of residence. The description given by Mr. Hillegas of Johannesburg as the "City of Surprises," is certainly pertinent. When one contemplates the fabulous cost of the buildings in transporting every brick and timber from other continents,

there is only one explanation, and that is in the gold mines discovered in 1854, by the British officer who is said to have died in an almshouse in England. His possessions, which cost him a life's savings of \$4,000, were seized by the Boer government in 1882, because he had borne arms for his native land in the fight for Transvaal independence. Jan Marais, a German, was also bought off by the Boers for five hundred pounds to keep his secret of the discovery of gold in 1854. It was only as late as 1884 that the discovery was generally known.

In 1886 the Boer government opened nine farms to miners which are to-day nine famous gold properties on the Randt, and the Transvaal produces one-third of the world's entire product of gold. The prosperity that united the country was unprecedented, but there always comes the reaction, and the foreigners or Uitlanders had practically gained control of the industrial properties and mines. American individual interests have greatly increased the past ten years until now the United States holds second place in trade relations. An army of American traveling men have captured the trade of the

country and the American spirit of "hustling" is greatly admired there, although a license fee of \$350 is required to make a trip of all the colonies. But all the mining and electrical machinery bear the imprint of American makers.

The Transvaal was well prepared for this war, and it seems scarcely possible that a country of 130,000 voters could cause England such a struggle and regular expense in years past to keep peace, while the little republic has expended over \$9,000,000 in preparing for war.

The great warehouses, storing ammunition and supplies in mammoth refrigerators, have enabled the Boers to prepare for the worst. There has only been one engagement in all these wars in which the English defeated the Boers, and that was at Bumbaals in 1848, where the British had heavy artillery to use against the Boer flintlock. In his book Mr. Hillegas gives the following interesting facts concerning the President of the Transvaal:

"Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger, or Uncle Paul, the Lion of Rustenburg, is a man of most remarkable characteristics. As a boy he had pronounced ability as a deer-stalker, and it is re-



TYPICAL GROUP OF BOERS



lated of him that before he had reached manhood he had killed more lions than any other man in the colony.

"We were shooting rhinoceros one day," said he, "when an old gun exploded in my hands. It cut my thumb so badly that I saw it could not be saved. I borrowed a dull knife and cut the thumb off, because it prevented me from holding the gun properly."

"The President proceeded slowly and between puffs at his great pipe, spoke determinedly: 'When I was a child we were so maltreated by the English in Cape Colony that we could no longer bear the abuses to which we were subjected. In 1835 we migrated northward with our cattle and possessions and settled in Natal, just south of Zululand, where by unavoidable fighting we acquired territory from the Zulus. We had

hardly settled that country and established ourselves and a local form of government, when our old enemies followed, and by various high-handed methods made life so unendurable that we were again compelled to move our families and possessions. This time we travelled five hundred miles inland over the trackless veldt and across the Vaal River, and after many hardships and trials settled in the Transvaal. The country was so poor, so uninviting, that the English colonists did not think it worth their while to settle in the land which we had chosen for our abiding place.

"Our people increased in number, and, as the years passed, established a form of government such as yours in America. The British thought they were better able to govern us than we were ourselves, and once took our country from us. Their defeats at Laing's Nek and Majuba Hill taught them that we were fighters, and they gave us our independence and allowed us to live peaceably for some years."

"They can not starve us out in fifty years," broke in Commander Smidt, Secretary of War, and a veteran of Majuba Hill, 'for we have sources of provender of which they cannot deprive us. We have fortifications around Pretoria that make it an impos-

THE WONDERFONTEIN



sibility for any army of less than fifty thousand men to take, and the ammunition we have on hand is sufficient for a three years' war. We are not afraid of the English in Africa, and not until every Boer in the Transvaal is killed will we stop fighting if they ever begin." The interview from which the above excerpts are taken, as it appears in Mr. Hillegas' book in its entirety, is a strong presentation of the situation.

The white population of South Africa, south of the Zambezi river, is nearly as large as the population of the city of Philadelphia, about one-half being Boer, or of Dutch extraction, and the remainder consisting of the other Afrikaners and the Uitlanders. The Afrikaners are those born in the country but of European descent, while the Uitlanders are the foreigners who are, for the most part, only temporary residents.

HERIOT, JUMPERS AND GELDINHOUSE ESTATE MINES



PRESIDENT KRUGER'S HOUSE



About the time when America was being wrested from the Indians, the discovery and first settlement of South Africa occurred; but instead of a people united in making her a great nation, political intrigue, racial antagonism and internal jealousies are rife, retarding the natural growth and development of the country. This bit of verse, current in the Transvaal, is significant:

"The rivers of South Africa have no waters,
The birds have no song, the flowers no scent;
The child that you see has no father,
The whites go free, while the negroes pay the rent."

The most uninhabitable part of South Africa is the inland territory of sun and plain, the Transvaal, with no redeeming feature save its underground wealth. None but the oppressed Boers could have looked on the country as fit for settlement.

Cape Town, the capital of Cape Colony, is a modern city of fifty thousand inhabitants, mostly English, and was the metropolis of the country until Johannesburg was born and eclipsed it with a population of 100,000, while Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, has only 5,000 inhabitants.

The Orange Free State lies in the plain or veldt district, and is of little commercial importance. When the Kimberly diamond mines were discovered on Free State soil, England purchased the claims of a native chief which had been disallowed by a court of arbitration. The Free State, being weak, forfeited its claim for four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The mines have since yielded more than

four hundred million dollars' worth of diamonds.

The natives will work only a few months in the year, and then only from fear of punishment for non-payment of hut taxes. Should the half million Zulus break out in concerted action, the whites would be swept from

the country. King Khama is the leader of the only tribe of natives that has been in a measure civilized and he is England's strongest friend in South Africa. He is now about eighty years old, and writes and speaks the English language.

The Transvaal, owing to natural conditions, is the only great producer of money in South Africa; therefore, Cape Colony, Natal and the Orange Free State are her dependents. All foreign freight that enters the Transvaal through Cape Colony is subject to high customs' duties and freight rates, so that consumers are compelled to pay for the same things from three to five times as much as would be paid in England or America.

The slavery question was one of the indirect causes of the first clash between the Boers and the British government. In 1815, a Boer farmer who refused to appear in a local court to answer to a charge of maltreating a native was found in a cave and killed upon his refusal to surrender. This infuriated his friends and caused an uprising. Five of the leaders were captured and hanged on the same scaffold at a locality afterward named Slagter's Nek, in commemoration of the ghastly scene.

Curiously enough, we have the singular historical spectacle of just retribution. England is to-day contending in South Africa against identically the same principle, "taxation without representation," which was

overthrown by the American patriots in 1776.

When one travels through the Transvaal country, the Boer life is not impressive. It has something of cruelty and stupidity. They have wrested their land from the natives by atrocious warfare, and, in consequence, the black hordes on the northern border are ready to swoop down and pay back the debt of slaughter and massacre of a few years ago.

The young Boer is unexcelled as a soldier. The gun is his plaything in childhood, and every opportunity is offered him in manhood to practice on helpless natives, which throws a shadow on the picture of peace of the oppressed Transvaal. With my knowledge of the existing conditions there to-day, I believe it was Kruger's policy to make a brilliant and opportune stand against the English, which he can do for a short length of time, and then obtain his terms, by the moral support of the "powers," which he shrewdly observes comes more readily in behalf of the weaker party after a test of armed strength.

No one can doubt the fervor and
A BOER TOWN

earnest patriotism of the Boers, which connected with their deep religious belief, certainly forms a unique picture in this realistic age. I have heard as devout prayers offered by whole regiments, as were ever uttered in a sanctuary. Their sincerity cannot be questioned, and their firmness never wavers.

From all that I could learn, there never has been a settled state of affairs since Majuba. On market days I have watched the sturdy burghmen, leaning up against the patient ox, of whose nature they seem to partake—earnestly talking of the time when the Transvaal should overwhelm England in a fair test of arms. Having traveled very little, and not being much taken to books, the Boer has a divine belief in himself and his country. As an American, I will confess that my residence there made me quite out of patience with the Boers in their utter disregard of the development of their own country—the rich possibilities they would not recognize—nor should others do so. They have in them some of the old Puritan intolerance, believing in divine rights to their



RISSICK STREET, JOHANNESBURG



homes, because of the sacrifices they had made when pushed to the interior by the onward march of civilization in the cape colony.

The United States can never give aid to the Transvaal, no matter how much our sympathies may prompt, because of its denial of the fundamental principles of our government—the right of citizenship to individuals in every way qualified to claim that right. And in the development of the wealth of the world, as demanded by the increasing multitudes of civilized peoples, which is the primary motive of civilization, the Boers cannot stem the tide which has set in on the dark continent, no more than the red man could hold the western hemisphere. The Mormons sought the arid plains of the west, much as the Boers settled the Transvaal, and the comparison is, in a measure, analogous; and supposing the Mormons, entitled by right of possession and preownership, had sought to deny franchise to Gentiles in Utah, and yet

demanding their taxes to support their government?

The earlier history of the annexation of the Transvaal is a blot on English history, and even on the fame of Gladstone, who refused to undo what Beaconsfield unscrupulously began. The Boers' noble struggle for independence, following the time when the flag was raised, on December 16, 1880, is one of the heroic epochs of modern history. About this event and the splendid struggle at arms is all that ideal patriotism could inspire. But it is difficult to enthuse over the idealism of this epoch, when one is a foreign or Uitlander resident of the Transvaal and the glamour that enshrines these heroic events in history has been changed by the fanatical intolerance of these same heroes towards other human interests than their own. The same spirit, however, found expression in our Puritan forefathers in the banishment of Roger Williams and the hanging of witches.



HOME COMING AND AFTERMATH

By Peter Mac Queen, M. A.*



O the readers of the "National Magazine" I wish to give my hearty thanks for their kind appreciation and watchfulness of me as I have wound my way around the world. It seems but yesterday, although a year has elapsed, when Mr. Chapple and myself parted at the Park Square station, and as he signed the commission to visit the Philippine Islands for "The National Magazine" on my back, there was a feeling that we were parting for life, and yet every moment since I have left the haunts of "The National Magazine" office, I have felt that every reader of the periodical was among the "friends at home." This feeling was an inspiration in all the hardships endured and now that I am actually home again I hardly know how to express

myself. I have been used to the long-range perspective, but in the hearty hand-grasp of a home-greeting, I feel that it extends personally and individually to every reader of "The National Magazine."

Often, down in tropical Luzon, when copies of "The National Magazine" came into camp, I noted the eager faces of the boys, as they looked over the pictures or read about their own brave deeds. They freely paid forty cents, and as high as \$1.00 each, for single copies of "The National Magazine," and the enterprise shown by that publication was greatly appreciated.

"The National," an honest magazine, appealed to honest soldier hearts. Although, in some few cases, our soldiers in the Philippines departed from the high standards of Americanism, yet as a body of men, I have never met a more inspiring, honest, open-hearted set of fellows. I followed the flag around the earth, and everywhere beneath its folds I felt at home. From General Lawton to the

*Mr. MacQueen was commissioned to make a trip around the world by "The National Magazine" one year ago. On this trip he visited the Philippine Islands, and was the first exclusive staff correspondent of any American periodical to go to the front in the Philippine War.

humblest private I was treated with courtesy and chivalry. In the silent valleys of Luzon, beside the rivers of Panay, in cities of Cebu, in jungles of Sulu, the American soldier, when untainted by the bad passions of conquest, remains ever the true gentleman, the simple, modest hero.

I brought a Filipino flag from Luzon. It is red, white and blue, a blue and red stripe, blue at the top, the red at the bottom, and a triangle of white, on which are the emblems, the rising sun of liberty and three stars representing the Tagalo, Visayan, and Morro tribes.

It was in the latter days of July that I left Manila on the U.S.S. "Sherman," and sailed for home in company with the First California Volunteer Infantry and the California Heavy Artillery.

They were a splendid set of men, under Colonel Du Boce and Major Rice, and the days passed quickly until we reached the city of Nagasaki, in southern Japan. We passed the Island of Formosa, and entered the picturesque realm of the Japanese. The entrance to this harbor is a winding channel, surrounded by green hills, that meet a sky of violet blue. Along these hills are pretty cottages that look like Swiss chalets. The smoke of the city rose from a land-locked inlet of the sea, betokening progress and comfort. A torpedo boat, with a speed of thirty-one miles an hour, flashed past our steamer, suggesting also power. A motley assemblage of sampans and rakish looking boats, beside the white lines of a Russian transport, filled in

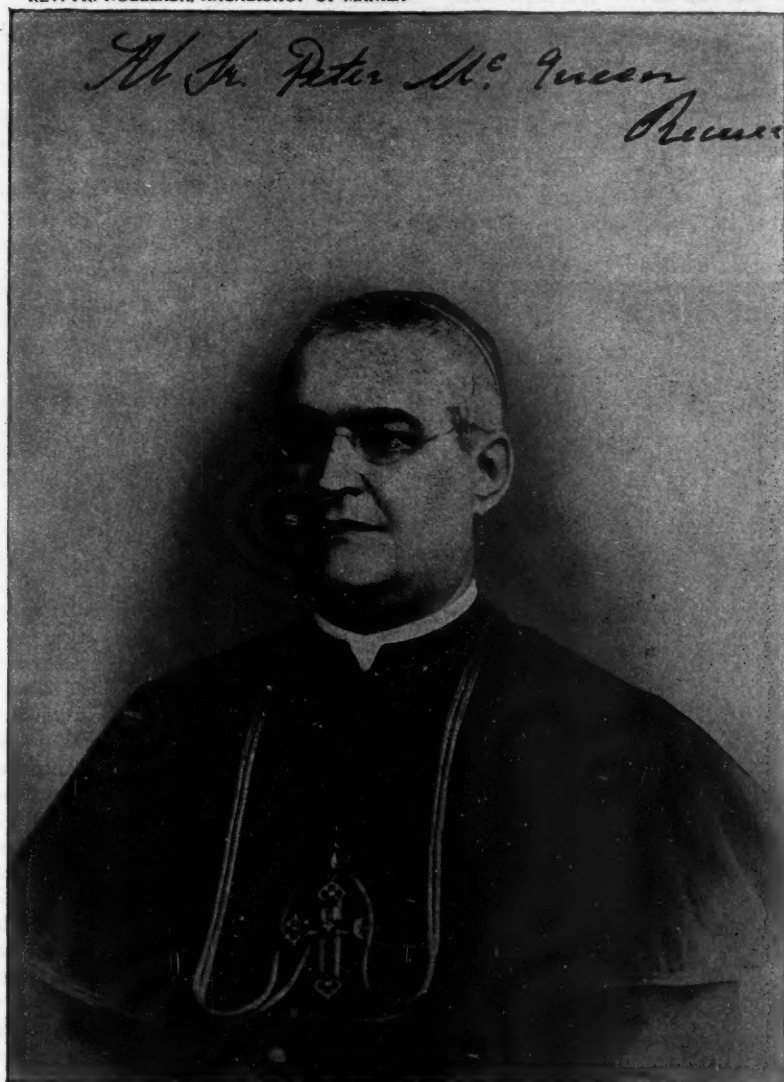
a busy foreground. Upon the forehead of a hill a great commercial sign-board sprawled white letters across the green, showing an enterprising spirit, if not an artistic one. Along the waterfront of Nagasaki are the European houses, banks, warehouses and hotels, and in where the city runs towards the hills and valleys, we can see from our steamer the native roofs. On the hill-sides which rise above the city in graceful terraces, well cultivated to their topmost limit, you may discern the farmer's house, or glittering from the leafy shades, the quaint roofs of the Shinto temples rise, like an offering to the gods.

In our party were Father W. D. McKennon, the chaplain of the Californias, and three Filipinos — Captain Araneta and his little bro-

A FILIPINO LADY



REV. FR. NOZELADA, ARCHBISHOP OF MANILA



ther, and Ramon Lacson, the sons of prominent men in the island of Negros. As the Japanese curio-venders clam-ber up the sides of the ship, they look a moment in surprise upon the Filipinos. One of them came up to

Ramon and said to him in English, "Filipinos no good, no civilized." Ramon looked at him in his uncon-cerned Malay way, and pointing to the jinrickshaw men upon the shore, he re-plied with appropriate haughtiness "In

the Philippines we have horses to draw our carriages, we do not use our men like that."

The soldier boys were let ashore and enjoyed themselves to their full capacity. They felt like school boys, escaping from distasteful tasks, or like men, coming into the sunlight, from a hideous cave that dripped with horror. If in their enthusiasm and abundant

exhilaration they gave way to a little boisterousness, it was only natural.

The Nagasaki people reaped a golden harvest, and many a curio shop was ravaged and ransacked by these earnest disciples of the antique, seeking strange marvels to take home to the loved ones, from whom they had been separated by cruel time and angry seas.

With the three Filipino boys and

Father McKennon, I made a journey of eight hundred miles across the country from Nagasaki to Yokohama. The railroad carriages are fairly comfortable, the stations are neat and handy. A soldier is on hand at every stopping place, much as you will see in German towns. The people who traveled with us were pleasant, self-respecting Japanese. The fare for eight hundred miles was only ten dollars for a first-class ticket. The route through which we passed was wonderfully interesting and beautiful. No other country I have ever seen presents such an aspect of universal cultivation. From sea verge to mountain top no spot as large as your hand but seemed to glow with emerald verdure. The towns and villages through which we passed presented the aspect of a happy, thriving populace. The Japanese people looked at our Filipinos and believed at first that they were fellow countrymen. When told of their mistake, the genial little Japs asked us if they were prisoners. When told they were our friends they

GENERAL GREGORIO DEL PILAR



IN JAPANESE COSTUME

Capt. Araneta and his brother

Father McKennon

Ramon Lacson, B. A.

Peter Mac Queen



looked incredulous, and said, "How can that be? Your country is at war with them."

At different stations when we wanted food, we could not find any lunch counter, but instead, the boys came out with baskets, from which they sold us a real Japanese lunch. This lunch consisted of a box of well-boiled rice, another box containing small portions of meat and fish and pickles, and on the top of all a paper bag was tied containing a serviette, a pair of chop-sticks and a toothpick. The whole cost something less than twenty cents. One of the luxuries of this railroad cuisine is a little teapot, filled with a delicious brewing of tea; the teapot, cup and saucer with the tea cost you four cents.

The Filipino boys were interested in all they saw in Japan. We passed through Shimoneseiki, Kobe, Kioto,

and Tokio, to Yokohama. Every mile of the way was varied by hill, or wood or mountain stream. The "Sherman" met us at Yokohama, where our volunteers were given another vacation. The Filipino boys declared that they saw nothing in the towns and cities of Japan which their kinsmen at home could not do equally well. A cartoon in a Japanese paper representing Uncle Sam as having disturbed a beehive, and being pestered by the irate bees, gave the Filipinos great fun.

On the way from Yokohama to San Francisco we sailed on the great North Circle, and went far up toward the cold regions of Alaska. As the boys drew nearer San Francisco and felt that they would soon be mustered out their faces brightened with the light of independence and the love of home. In time the white sands of the Golden Gate came into view, the great hills

wreathed with mist, like the forehead of old saints. The Cliff House and the railroads and the public park were soon discerned by the eager throng. Then a great host of ships came out to

GENERAL TOMAS MASCARDO

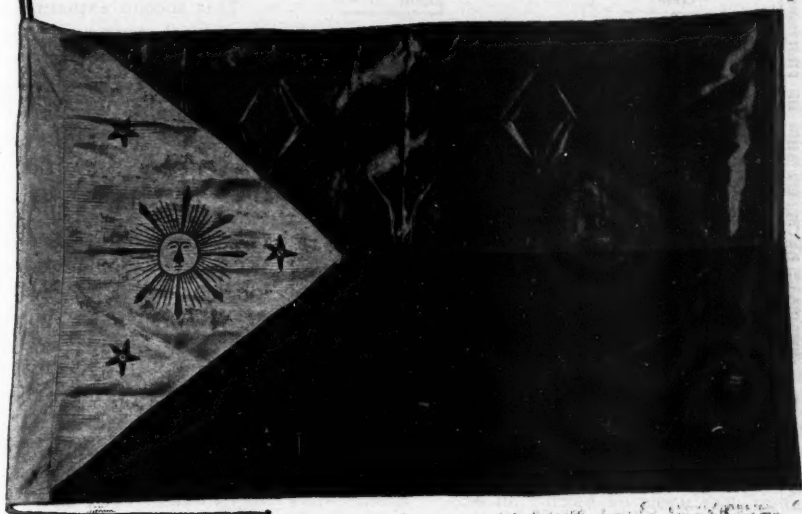


meet the returning Californias, for it was their native city. Such a reception had never been given before in San Francisco. The air was tortured by a hundred thousand voices, and flashed into color, at the passage of many flags. When the shouting and the tumult were at their height Ramon Lacson asked me, "What would these people do with Aguinaldo, if he were here to-day? Would they hang him?" I replied in all sincerity, "Hang him; why no, they would send him to Congress."

The illuminations, the parades, the receptions which the Californias received showed how deeply the heart of the people was touched by the heroism of their volunteer soldiers. At the Presidio, outside the city, the white tents of the returned regiments gleamed above the waters of the bay like silent sentinels guarding the peaceful town. Though there were only one thousand soldiers of the regular army on duty in the United States at that time, the Great Republic seemed to live without a fear. It was an omen and an augury of the day when they will study war no more. These noble warriors laying down their swords and turning their aspirations from the red fields of war to the white harvest of human peace and progress were a grander sight than all the armed camps of the world.

I had a delightful interview with Nozelada, the Archbishop of Manila, and the highest church dignitary in the Philippines. He impressed me as being a man of great tact and wise diplomacy. In appearance and carriage he somewhat resembled our beloved Phillips Brooks. The American priests were all high in his praise. He told me that he saw the victory of Dewey, and that he expected it. "It was wood against iron; your 'Olympia' alone could have plowed through the entire

FILIPINO BATTLE FLAG, SECURED FROM THE FILIPINOS BY PETER MAC QUEEN, AND REPRODUCED HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME



Spanish squadron." The archbishop thinks the Islands will be healthful for American boys and young men, but not for women or men who have grown elderly in the temperate zones. He is a believer in the public schools, and has great hopes from the American occupation of the Philippines. He presented me with his picture, which is here first published in America, for "The National Magazine."

In a great many houses in the insurgent villages there were elegant pictures, articles of vertu, rich array of fine china and cut glass, many pieces of furniture of precious inlaid work, and family photographs. Some of these photographs were scattered in the streets, and I picked up in Santa Cruz, upon Laguna de Bay, the picture I herewith present the readers of "The National Magazine." It will be seen that in their dress and features they have a pleasing, tasteful appearance. The family life is very pure among the Tagal women, and the respect and af-

fection shown toward children and women is in marked contrast to almost all the races of the Orient. The Tagals whom we are fighting are the most refined and Christian nation in the East.

During my stay in Manila I became very good friends with the brother of Aguinaldo's private secretary, and gained from him many views as to what the Filipinos really think of us. This man (whose name I withhold) told me that he was in the employ of the American government as an "amigo." He said, however, that he detested the Americans, as our soldiers had run bills at his store and ruined him. He averred that for America to attack the Filipinos was like a carabao bull attacking a child. "Your people are made up of too many races. Some are good, and some are worse than fiends. You will never conquer the Tagals. Aguinaldo may die, and his successors may perish at the hands of the American oppressor; but there are millions of



A free translation of the pass is as follows:

"The bearer, a peninsular Spaniard, Senor Hugo Campos, whose photograph is attached to the back of this pass, requests authority to pass freely from Manila to Camarines on private affairs; and I order the authorities under my command not to place any obstacles in his way.

Malolos, 14th. January, 1899.

The President, E. Aguinaldo.

Revolutionary Government of the Philippines. Capital."

other Tagals who will take his place. You want money; you are bigger thieves than the Spaniards, because you have more guns and can better collect your infamous taxes. Your peace commissioners tell us old wives' fables; they do not believe what they say; and they have no power. The war costs us nothing but the hearts' blood of our citizens; but we have plenty of blood, and by and by the drain on the money-bags of the American government will tell with the people, if the sense of justice will not. We are all young men; you send out old men and thieving officials. We have nothing left to steal; so you will have to steal from one another. We do not fear you, and we never will love you. You are not a good nation like us. You have the

thieves of all the human race, and you are the big bullies of the world."

This speech explains to me how that after we have pacified many towns, the mayors are found helping the enemy. They make peace with us only to get breathing space to begin the war again.

There is much in the aspect of things in Manila to justify the Filipino opinion of us. Lawton should be given entire command of the army. He would break up the insurgent army enough to bring in most of the leaders. Then we should grant the Tagals and Visayans home rule, and at once withdraw the soldiers, holding enough ships and soldiers in the coast towns to insure order. If we do not do this the Tagals and Visayans will

raise abortive revolutions, until our people will be worn out and wasted with expensive wars. We can get all the trade we desire by being friendly with the native government. And unless we want to adopt Weyler's policy of extermination, we shall not keep the Tagals in subjection. They will wait till we get into real trouble and then will help our enemies all they can. This is a question for diplomacy—not for bayonets.

I sent my Tagal friend through to Aguinaldo and got a very civil reply and a pass for three—a German, a Russian, and myself. Being lame at the time I was not able to go. My two friends made the attempt and passed through safely. I reproduce the form of an insurgent pass.

THE WRONG MR. BROWN

By Helen Ray Kent



PLAIN John Brown—plain as to name, but very handsome as to person—stood in the Park Square station, watching the crowds of people, gay with college colors, rushing for the trains that were to take them to the great football match. His eyes had an absent look, as he smiled and nodded to the many friends and fellow students who recognized him in the throng. That he was not going to the game—the game about which they had been betting, hoping and arguing for the past ten days with a feverishness only equaled by that attending a great national election—he could not realize.

Yet in his breast pocket was the fateful telegram saying: "Have failed in business. Everything lost. Wind up affairs and come home as soon as possible. Father." And he knew that the winding up with keenest management would bring him barely enough money for the long, expensive journey. He could not go—nay in his inmost heart he did not wish to go to the game, for the bad news from home had shaken him to the very marrow of his being. But because of this very blunting of his sensibilities for jolly, care-free amusement he had come to the station to watch the throng of happy, enthusiastic spectators off, much as the singed moth hovers about the candle. And when the brilliant, hurrying panorama was actually before his eyes, when he had become a part of it, he was seized by a burning

desire to go with the throng; to lose himself just once more before the smash or change became final.

"It's no use: you can't go," he told himself, grimly, watching the waving crimson flags and ribbons, as a band, followed by a crowd of fellows in his class, pushed noisily by.

"Hi, Jack! Come along, old man," shouted Courtlandt, as he passed. And a moment later John turned away that his own especial coterie or set might not see him, as they rushed along, looking for him on the way.

As he turned he came face to face with Castor and his crowd of friends—the class butterflies—who were making for the special car young Castor's father had sent over from New York for his son's use. Brown's lip curled a little as he thought how much an extra twenty dollars would mean to him that morning, and how little ten times that sum would be to these fellows who could gratify every whim. How queer life was; and how exasperating! Perhaps something of his thought showed in his face, for Fred Castor paused a moment as his friends swept onward, and approached Jack, saying in that cordial manner which had made him popular in spite of, not because of, his money: "Off for the game, too, are you? I suppose you've got your tickets already; but if you haven't, I'd be glad to have you come along with us." He stopped, hesitating. Something in his class-mate's face had told him that Brown was in trouble, was not going; and his kindly nature caused him to give an involuntary invitation that the acquaintance

between the two men did not warrant. "Thank you, no," replied Brown, a little stiffly, adding with a smile, "I was—I'm going with Post and the rest—see you later. We're sure to meet at the celebration afterwards, you know." And both men laughed, as they separated, at the involuntary assumption of victory.

"Mighty good of him," thought Brown, curtly, as he strolled out to the gate to watch the trains off. "But I couldn't take it—now. Dope and the rest would have just made me go—its lucky they didn't see me. I beg your pardon," and he raised his hat as a young girl, apparently barely eighteen, accosted him nervously. The girl was pretty, with a piquant, sensitive face and lithe, symmetrical figure. A middle-aged colored woman, evidently in attendance, stood between her and the rapidly congesting crowd.

"Are you Mr. Brown, Mr. John Brown, of Chicago?" went on the newcomer, hurriedly. "Yes? I thought you must be; for papa said he telegraphed you to meet us here at the gateway. He can't come—papa, I mean. Isn't it too bad? He had a telegram that he must be in New York to-day to see about some very important business; so he had to start at seven o'clock this morning. I'm awfully sorry, for he cares almost as much about seeing the game as I do—not quite. At first I thought I couldn't go at all, but he said he guessed you'd be willing to take care of me. Isn't it funny, when we've never seen each other before? But then, if a girl lives 'way out at the tip end of Nebraska, it's not strange she doesn't know even her first cousins. Of course, I know all about you. Papa told me. You see, you were eight years old the last time he saw you in Chicago—do you remember it? I'm so glad you chose Harvard—do you know, I almost wrote

you a letter to tell you so—not quite. And papa said one of the first things when we decided to come way east, 'Well, we'll take in that Harvard and Yale football game, Cleo, and take Johnny,'" blushing nervously, "with us.' We meant to get here before, but were so late—until last night—that we hadn't time to hunt you up at all. The message explained it all, though, for I wrote that part myself," and the girl laughed merrily. "You never can trust a man to explain things in detail, and—Oh! the train is starting. Come quick. Good-bye, Margaret. Hurry!" And just laying a gloved finger tip on the astonished Brown's arm, she hastened to the rear of the slowly moving "last train for Springfield."

John followed her as in a dream, still in a state of amazement. The surprise, coupled with the fact that in his disappointment he had neglected to eat any breakfast, made him mentally comatose for the minute. His cousin! Could she really be an unknown relative, projected upon his vision for the first time like a meteor from the unfathomable west?

The girl gave a little scream as the car began to go faster, and held up her hands despairingly to the brakeman on the rear platform. With the dexterity of long practice the agile trainman swung her aboard the car, and she in turn from the vantage of a secure footing, looked apprehensively around for her whilom relative.

To desert her now was not to be thought of; and in an instant Brown was beside her on the steps.

"That was a close shave, wasn't it?" asked his companion rather tremulously, as the brakeman discreetly retreated.

"Here are the tickets. I hate to be bothered with such things," blushing a little. "I feel as if I was shaken to pieces," she added, as John, with the

remark that they would better try to secure seats, led the way into the car.

Luckily, there was one vacant, in which they installed themselves. Brown took a casual survey of their fellow-passengers, recognizing some dozen people. That they did not stare at him open-mouthed with amazement struck him as odd, at first. Then with an effort, he righted himself mentally, and realized that it was not strange—nay, that it was very natural that he should be accompanied by a young lady. As to lack of a chaperone, was it not a free country?

He turned and regarded his companion; who, on her part, was looking at him shyly and remarked, with a slight embarrassment of manner: "Doesn't it seem funny; the whole thing, I mean? And how near we came to getting left, didn't we?"

"I don't believe I ever saw you before, even when I was little. At least, I asked papa, and he said he thought not—only Uncle Robert. How do you like the east? What do you mean to do when you get through Harvard? I suppose you're so tired of speculating about this game that you'll be glad to talk about anything else. We must get acquainted, you know." And again she smiled, showing her pretty, white teeth.

"There's something rather fascinating—no, charming, about her," thought Brown, as he plunged into a conversation which continued with zest until they reached Springfield.

"I won't let on until the day's over," he decided. She—we might as well have a good time out of it, and it would break her all up—Cleopatra! The idea of giving a girl like her such a name. 'Our western love of romance,' she called it. But Cleo is rather pretty. She's bright, too. I've got a good deal to live up to in my name, have I? It's the funniest scrape

I ever got into in my life; and I've seen some pretty lively ones. Rather lucky, for me. Well, the last ought to be the best," and he sighed.

"Wonder who and what her cousin is, and why he doesn't turn up? Pretty narrow shave, that, when I came near letting out that I was a senior. Freshman, indeed!"

While they were waiting their turn for dinner at the crowded hotel, however, John discovered the reason for the non-appearance of his namesake. In strolling about the office, he came upon a group of fellows, evidently in great glee, who were listening eagerly to one of their number. John caught the name Brown. Idling about, under the pretense of reading a time-table, he was able to gather that this was indeed his fair charge's cousin, who had received the telegram, but rebelled hotly against carrying out the invitation. "They can look out for themselves," the boy concluded. "And do you suppose I was going to miss coming with the gang? Not much. Catch me poking along with a girl I've never seen; and my uncle. I'll go in to their hotel to-night—or to-morrow, probably," with a knowing grin, "and fix it all up with them." And the group scattered.

Brown took a good look at the fellow.

"I'll know you when I see you again, young man," he told himself grimly. "And I rather guess you'll have to make that call to-night—with me," smiling at his thoughts, as he sought Miss Brown, or Cleo, as she insisted on his calling her.

John's disappointment over the result of the game was largely atoned for by the pleasure he found in explaining and pointing out things to his companion. She was naive, interested, and did not bore him with too many questions. Not once did they

run across any of his intimates; so easy is it to miss people in a crowd. The whole day was delightful; and with every passing hour came a keener regret that it was so nearly over, and that he must confess his identity. Cleo, for her part, found "Cousin Jack" delightful.

It was with difficulty that he tore himself away from her and the invitation to dine, at the hotel entrance, when they reached Boston. "I'll be in to-morrow evening, when your father has returned," he promised, groaning inwardly as he rushed down Tremont Street in search of the other Brown, who had come up on the train with them. After a three hours' hunt John found the young man in Cambridge. When he had introduced himself and made his confession in a few hasty words, the Freshman did not seem to comprehend its meaning at first; but later, realizing the truth, he rolled over and over in paroxysms of laughter. When his mirth was somewhat spent, he readily agreed to accompany John on the morrow, and help explain matters. As is the usual case, he knew all about John, although the latter had not been aware of his existence.

The next twenty-four hours passed somehow. While they were awaiting Mr. and Miss Brown the following evening, the boy eyed John keenly. "Brace up; it'll be over now in a few minutes," he remarked comfortingly, his eyes twinkling with merriment. "You look as if you were in for a big dose of medicine. They won't mind much, except at first. Rather queer we should have the same complexion

and coloring, too. It'll be all right. I know it will."

John smiled faintly. "I hope so," was his comment. "Anyhow, we had a good time."

And it was all right. Mr. Brown, at first, rather indignant, became almost apoplectic in his whole-souled, unsuspecting western amusement. Miss Brown, almost overwhelmed with embarrassment, was at length put at ease, or at least in a measure consoled by the tact and deferential courtesy of the impostor. Indeed, Brown thought that the interview was really hardest for the true Cousin Jack, who was obliged to fabricate various reasons for his non-appearance, as in an unguarded moment he had admitted receiving the telegram.

Quite by chance, it came out that the Nebraska magnate desired, among other things, to pick up a secretary or private clerk on his eastern trip. Realizing the necessity of immediate employment, after a little hesitation and consultation with the Freshman cousin, John applied for this place and was duly accepted. That Cleo's attractiveness had something to do with his choice of business as well, may be surmised from the fact that although her name is still Brown, she is now Mrs. And in moments of rare mischief the young husband and wife address each other as "Cousin Jack" and "Cousin Cleo," which is often rather confusing to strangers, especially since, as the former admits laughing, "John Brown is a rather common name."



STATE HOUSE, CONCORD, N. H., ON "OLD HOME DAY"



THANKSGIVING AND THE OLD HOME WEEK

By Henrietta H. Williams

WHO is there that has reached the meridian of life or thereabouts, who has not felt the impulse to want to visit the scenes of his early childhood?

Ever associated with the day of national thanksgiving are the well-loved scenes in the old New England farmhouse. The literature and plays of the period which have given us glimpses of the picturesque in New England farm life tend to associate in our minds the typical "old home up in New Hampshire" with the convivial spirit of Thanksgiving cheer, and in the "old

home" idea New Hampshire has touched a chord that is national and universal.

Who that can remember when as a boy he was one of those gathered round the long oaken table at the old farmstead on Thanksgiving day, but what looks back through the dimming years as to the brightest, happiest period of his life?

And now—when the sulky plow, the whirring mowing-machine with its six foot swarth, the patent seeders and planters and tedders and reapers and binders, and all the wonderful agricultural implements of the age have sup-

HON. NATHANIEL E. MARTIN, MAYOR OF CONCORD



planted the old regime of hand labor on the farm, the spirit of the olden time has vanished, and with it to a great extent the typical farm types of our boyhood days.

But the kindly memory of their passing lingers with us, furnishing the key note that inspired Governor Rollins to send forth the cordial invitation to the sons and daughters of New Hampshire to gather for an "Old Home Week" amid the mountains and lakes, where the dawn of a new prosperity shines brightly forth, and the chords by which a new music has been sent vibrating through the portals of time are attuned to the dominant sentiment of New England folk—the love of "Auld Lang Syne."

Old Home Week bore with dignity the honors of its initial celebration, and witnessed the arrival of some twenty thousand guests to the old granite state. The men foremost in formulating

and perfecting those details which made it the success it avowedly was, became a part of its fabric, and the event will continue to interest the lover of history long after the Old Home Week has ceased to be a new theme; and the monuments which shall stand as ensigns to its practicability will be pointed out to the children's children of those who participated in the joyful renewal of "old acquaintance" and refreshed "fond recollections" by viewing the scenes of childhood.

By a natural process of selection the presidency of the Concord Old Home Week Association and the office of vice-president of the state association devolved upon Hon. Joseph B. Walker, one of the oldest, wealthiest and most scholarly citizens of Concord. The spirit of Colonial times lingers in every nook and corner of the fine old library of Mr. Walker's Concord residence, which was also his birthplace and the house of the first minister of the province when Concord was under Great Brit-

WILLIAM FISKE THAYER



HIS EXCELLENCY FRANK W. ROLLINS, GOVERNOR OF NEW HAMPSHIRE



ain's rule. It is replete with rare collections of books, portraits, armorial equipments and relics of the domestic appointments of two centuries.

Conspicuous among these are the engravings of the Count and Countess of Rumford, who were among the distinguished ancestral occupants of the house in provincial days. The whole house breathes an atmosphere of reminiscent provincialism, and forms a fitting background for the personality of the Old Home Week executive.

His Excellency Frank West Rollins, Governor of New Hampshire and originator of its Old Home Week, is known as a man of clean and wholesome record, and presents a visible evidence of what robust, manly, Puritanic birth and breeding offers in to-day's record

of New Hampshire's distinguished sons. The state which sent forth General Stark, Daniel Webster and Horace Greeley has in Governor Rollins a fitting representative.

When the shrewd, far-sighted men of New Hampshire considered the question of a treasurer for the State Home Week Association, their choice fell quite naturally upon General Harry Hubbard Dudley, of Concord, who, although the youngest official member of the Association, has grappled successfully with many financial situations which have taxed the ingenuity of men far beyond his years.

In Hon. Edward Nathan Pearson, Secretary of State, the Old Home Week idea found an able supporter; and his forethought, enthusiasm and rare tact

made his assistance in the plans of great value.

Another who did much for the success of the occasion, was Hon. Nahum J. Bachelder, of Andover and Concord, secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, and of the State Home Week Association.

Mr. William Fiske Thayer, president of the First National Bank of Concord, and chairman of the Executive Committee of the Old Home Week, is one of the careful, methodical workers, whose efficiency comes notably to the

GEORGE H. MOSES

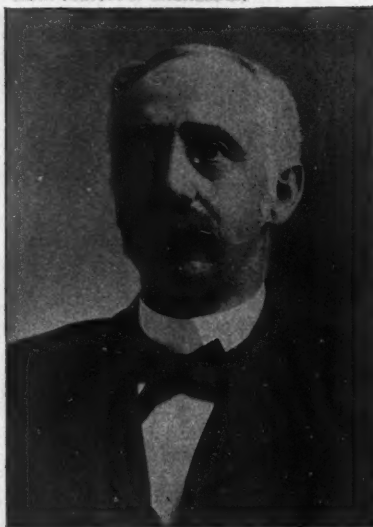


fore in handling untried schemes, and on all occasions of general import.

Of the younger men who shine in the intellectual field of the Granite State, none, perhaps, are more promising than Mr. George H. Moses, editor of the Concord "Evening Monitor and Independent Statesman," and secretary of Concord's Home Week Association.

Cordial and inspiring was the greeting given the guests of Concord's Old Home Day by the mayor of the city,

HON. NAHUM J. BACHELDER



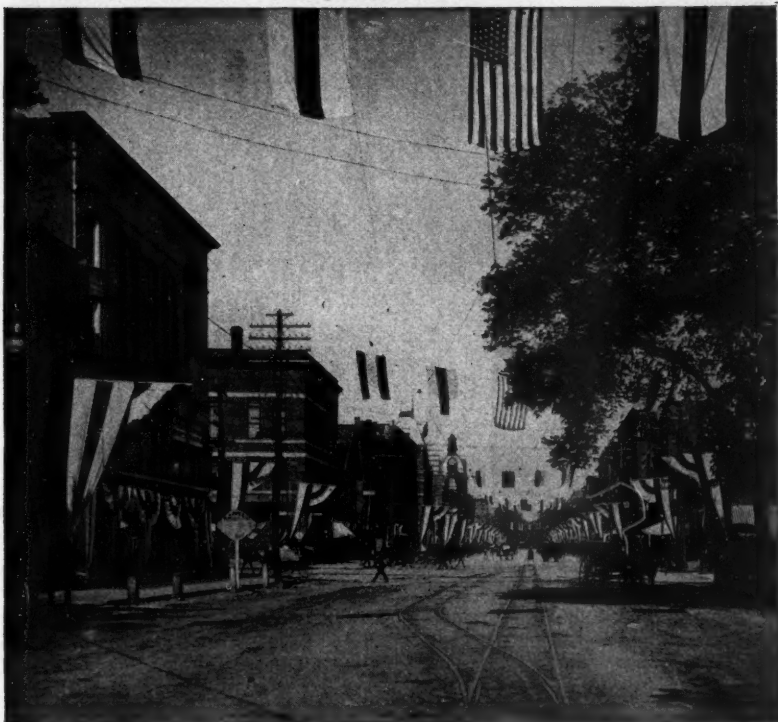
Hon. Nathaniel E. Martin, and scarcely a more appropriate host could have been chosen.

To the men who, on this occasion—for the first time in years, perhaps—returned to the homes of their boyhood.

HON. EDWARD NATHAN PEARSON



MAIN STREET, CONCORD, N. H., ON "OLD HOME DAY"

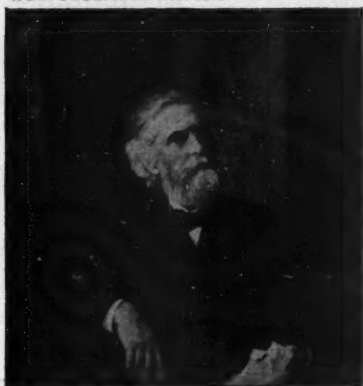


there came crowding recollections of tender import. They fished again the same old streams and trod well-remembered pathways. But the passing years have left their impress over all. The old farmhouses are many of them deserted; the fences down; the paths sprung up to weeds. The farmers' sons are merchants in the cities, and the old folks are at rest on the hillside.

The spirit of the age has cast its transforming shadow on the scene. Where once were quiet country villages are now bustling towns and cities; and the slow-moving stones of the grist-mills of our memories, and the up and down saw of the water-driven sawmill, have given place to a thousand busy factories. The farmers

are buying western beef and western stoves and western wagons. Broader educational advantages prevail.

HON. JOSEPH B. WALKER



TYPICAL NEW HAMPSHIRE FARMHOUSE



Schools and colleges, libraries and churches, have sprung up and are molding the citizenship of the State. In the towns the progressive spirit of the age shows itself in the spacious parks, elegant roadways, and modern conveniences of every kind, yet in no other State has greater care been taken to preserve the historic monuments of the past.

The idea of the Old Home Week first received public expression at a meeting of the New Hampshire club, in Boston, last spring. Governor Rollins of New Hampshire gave hearty approval and actively promoted the

undertaking. State organizations, embodying many enthusiastic committees, was established and it was not long until nearly every town was doing

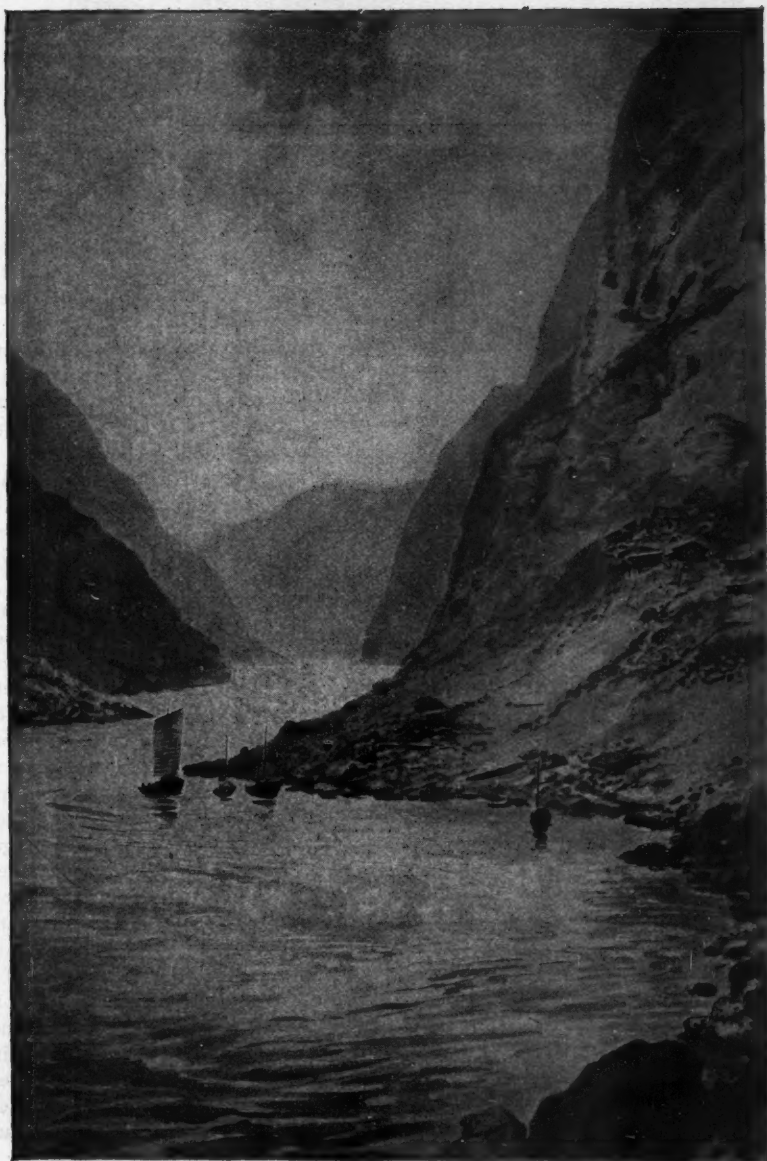
its utmost toward securing the success of the project. Urgent invitations and notices were sent to persons of New Hampshire birth wherever their addresses could be obtained.

On the evening of August 26, hundreds of bon fires lighted the hill tops and blazed forth from the mountain sides. For a week, parades, banqueting, speech-making, hand-shaking and renewals of old acquaintances were in order.

HON. HARRY HUBBARD DUDLEY



SCENERY ON THE YANGTSE KIANG RIVER



AMERICA'S SUPREMACY IN IRON AND STEEL

By Guy M. Burnham



It was no less a person than James J. Hill, the projector and builder of a great continental railroad, who told me that the vital factor in modern commercial supremacy is cheap transportation.

In this statement alone we find the key to the situation which has made the supremacy of the United States in the iron and steel trade of the world, one of the notable facts of the closing years of the century. It is a subject not for the statisticians alone, but one of vital and fascinating national interest at this time, as commerce follows in the wake of the iron and steel trade with a barometrical certainty.

The great iron mines in this country have only been developed within a few decades, and even after the accidental discovery of soft Bessemer hematite ore in northern Michigan (the Colby mine), through the upturned roots of a forest tree, there was yet a greater problem to solve. That revolved about the simple proposition of transportation.

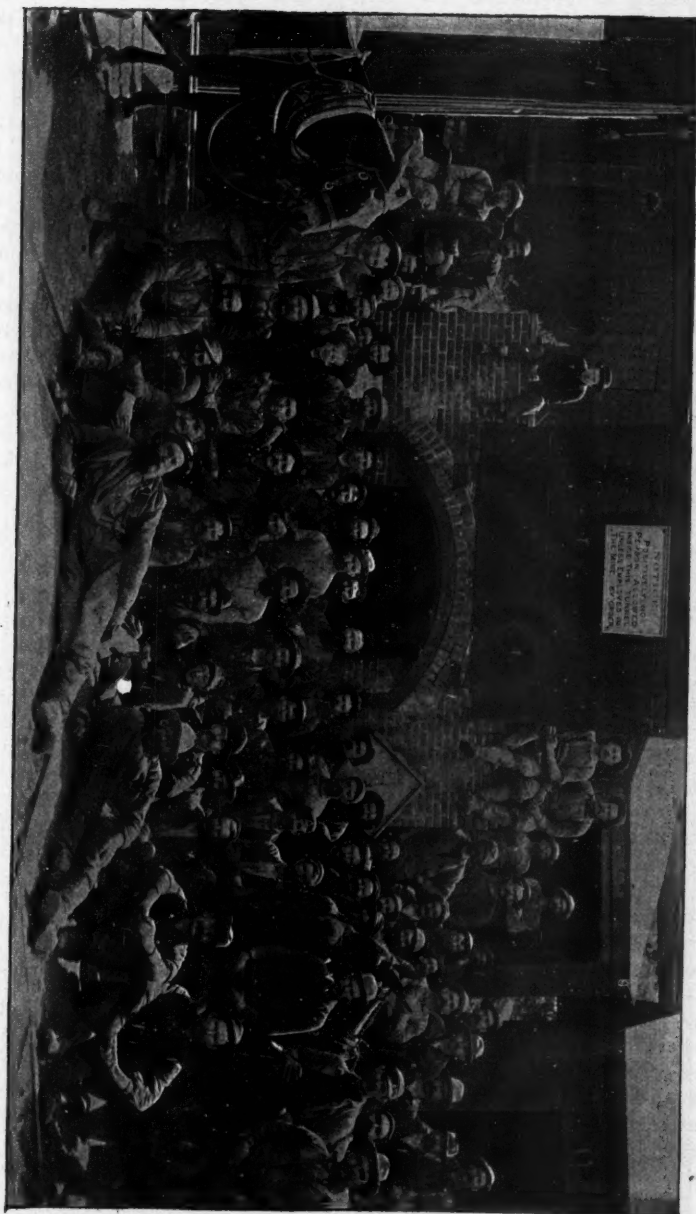
How well I remember the early days of iron ore discovery on the Gogebic range. The boom was equal to that of Klondike or a rush for gold. Options were secured on every plat of ground within a hundred miles of the first vein of hematite, which has the appearance of red dirt, and the hills of the Porcupine mountains bordering on Lake Superior were dotted, among the piney timber, with the heaps of red earth, resembling anthills, where

shafts were sunk—and fortunes, as well.

In the earlier days, many shipping mines were developed, but when the collapse of the boom occurred there was general stagnation. The best of the properties were purchased by outside capitalists. There were a number of "open pit" mines, in which the ore was secured as easily and with as little expense as obtaining ballast from a gravel pit. Even in the halcyon days attending the opening of both the famous Gogebic and Mesaba ranges, the problem of transportation was still unsolved. The ore was sent to the docks in cars and dumped into huge hoppers, and from there shot direct into the vessels. The product was brought down a heavy grade at very little expense, but there was still the specter of a \$3.75 rate per ton on ore from Lake Superior to the docks in Lake Erie in 1887. As the outside capitalists began to secure the mines, they commenced building mammoth barges and steamers, and instead of vessels carrying from 800 to 1,000 tons each, the capacity was increased to 7,000 and 8,000 tons, and the rate dropped to 45 cents per ton. This single fact of a reduction of nearly ninety per cent in the cost of transportation of Bessemer ore from the mine to the furnaces indicates where, when and how Americans were enabled to assume their supremacy in the iron and steel trade of the world.

The discovery and utilization of the mineral wealth of the Great Lakes region, together with the unprecedented

A GROUP OF MINERS OF THE GREAT COGERIC IRON MINES



cheapening of production and lake freight rates, has brought about a maritime growth which is without a parallel in maritime history.

The following table shows the average sized cargo of iron ore shipped from a typical Lake Superior port from 1894 to 1898 inclusive. It illustrates the rapid increase in the size of vessels, and their increased carrying capacity and the consequent cheapening of freight rates.

1894.....	1916 tons.
1895.....	1791 "
1896.....	1926 "
1897.....	2996 "
1898.....	3713 "

Seven men is the average crew on one of the great lake barges, carrying 7,000 tons of ore from Lake Superior to Lake Erie. The small cost of transportation may be realized from the fact that this crew of seven men have charge of a cargo which is carried nearly a thousand miles in three days. The day of small vessels is past. Especially is this true of the Great Lakes. In 1868, there were 5,365 sailing and steam vessels in the Great Lakes, with a tonnage of 695,604, while in 1897, the number of vessels had decreased to 3,230, but with an increased tonnage of 1,410,102. In the entire merchant marine of the United States, including all coasts in the former date, were 28,167 vessels, against 22,633 at the present day, while the tonnage was 4,351,759, against 4,768,020 in 1897. Vessels are not only constantly increasing in size, but sail vessels and wooden boats are being rapidly replaced by large iron steamers and sail barges. A vessel using its own sail as an exclusive motive of motion is a rarity on the Great Lakes to-day. The geographical distribution of our merchant marine is as follows:

	No.	Tonnage.
Atlantic and Gulf coast.....	16,442	2,443,799
Pacific coast.....	1,754	403,787
Great Lakes.....	3,236	1,437,500
Rivers.....	1,263	261,730

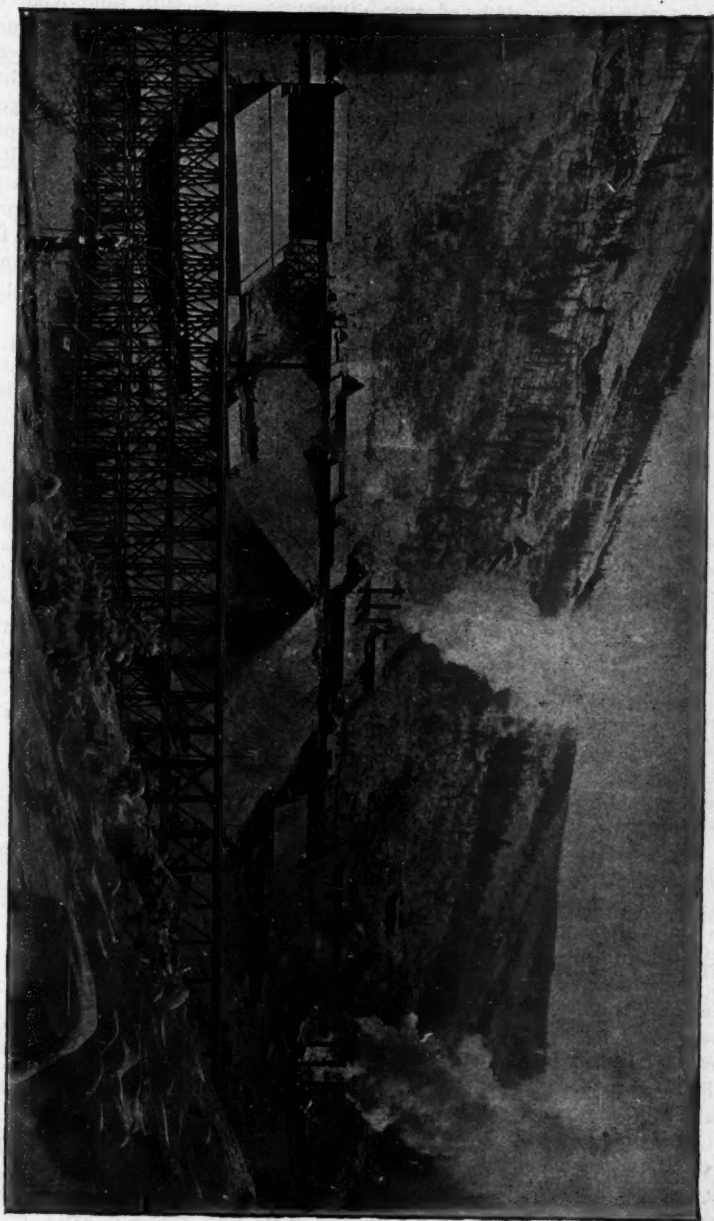
The Great Lake fleet of the United States, alone, is greater than that of any foreign nation except Great Britain or Germany.

About 75 per cent of the iron ore production of the United States comes from the Great Lakes region. The total production in 1898 was 19,278,369 long tons, of which to exceed 14,000,000 was the production of the Lake Superior mines. The total output by states was: Michigan, 7,346,846; Minnesota, 5,963,500; Alabama, 2,410,748; Pennsylvania, 773,082; Tennessee, 593,227; Virginia, 557,713; Wisconsin, 509,645; Colorado, 318,480; New Jersey, 275,438; New York, 179,91; Georgia and North Carolina, 160,083; Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Utah and Wyoming, 55,969; Missouri, 50,000; Ohio, 43,868; Kentucky, 12,913; Connecticut and Massachusetts, 20,251; Texas, 9,705; and Maryland, 5,941.

There was a time when it was believed that Mahomet would go to the mountain—in other words, that the furnaces would come to the mines. But that has not yet been done, except in the case of charcoal furnaces, in which the wood of the northern forests takes the place of coal in providing fuel. The charcoal iron is always in great demand, and the charcoal kiln represents a large industry among the farmers settling upon lands in northern mining districts. It is a picturesque feature of the iron industry. But the coke of Pennsylvania is the magnet that holds the steel industry. The mines on Lake Superior now furnish 75 per cent of the supply of the iron ore of the United States, and with a rate of 45 cents a ton, it is not difficult to see why the United States occupies an impregnable position in maintaining her supremacy in the iron trade.

The mines are indeed a revelation.

AN AMERICAN MINING SCENE



The Norrie, with its twenty miles of tunnels, in which are employed over 3,000 men, produces nearly a million tons of ore a year. It is the largest iron mine in the world, and the ore in sight shows no abatement of this production, which has been maintained for a decade past.

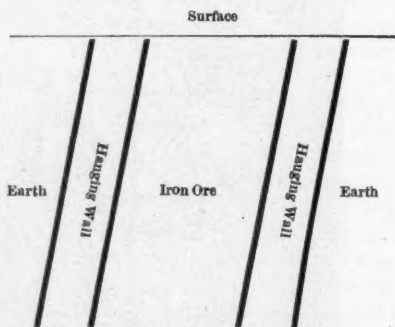
The main artery through this great ore traffic flows is the Sault Ste. Marie, or "Soo" canal, joining Lake Superior and Lake Huron, and as the season of navigation only continues a little over six months of each year, the checking of traffic by the sinking of an iron boat in the channel, even for a few days, represents a heavy loss.

The same economical methods adopted in mining the ore and loading it into vessels continues in the unloading and transportation to the furnaces. The sinking of the steamer "Douglas Houghton" in St. Mary's river, during the month of September, 1898, caused a loss of considerably over a million dollars in the seven days that the channel was obstructed. Nearly 150 delayed vessels were assembled, waiting for the obstruction to be removed, and it was indeed a magnificent sight, to see this fleet, every vessel of which flew the American flag, passing down the river in stately procession.

A. L. Norrie, the discoverer of the Norrie iron mine, packed through the woods from Ironwood to Ashland in 1885, and was refused a night's lodging at an Ashland hotel. He had no money, and hotels are not run for charity. Mr. Norrie at present lives on Fifth avenue in New York City, with an income of about \$200,000 a year, and the mine he discovered is worth fabulous sums and is the largest underground mine in the world. Mr. Norrie's old father in England, who sent his son the last installment of

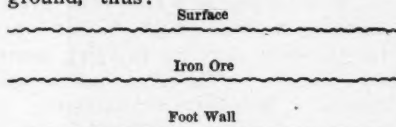
money before his find, made the stern injunction: "I will send you this money, the last you may expect until you have quit chasing rainbows and go to work." He is now said to have considerable regard for his son's judgment. The Norrie is a typical iron mine. It is situated in the village of Ironwood, Michigan, in the heart of the Gogebic iron range. It is practically continuous with the East Norrie, and, in fact, all of the forty-seven mines on the range are from the same deposit of ore.

Experts say that the ore from the Gogebic range extends out under Lake Superior, how far or how deep, no man knows. Some great convulsion of nature has set up on edge a great granite wall—not perpendicular—but slanting toward the north at an angle of sixty-five degrees. It outcrops at the surface in places. This is called the foot wall. From forty to three hundred distant is another wall called the hanging wall, and between them the ore lies like this:



It will be seen by the foregoing drawing that shafts on the Gogebic range are dug, not perpendicular, but slanting. How far down the hanging wall, the foot wall and the ore go, no man knows. On the Mesaba range, in Minnesota, is the best example of open pit mining. Here there is no hanging wall. The foot wall lies hori-

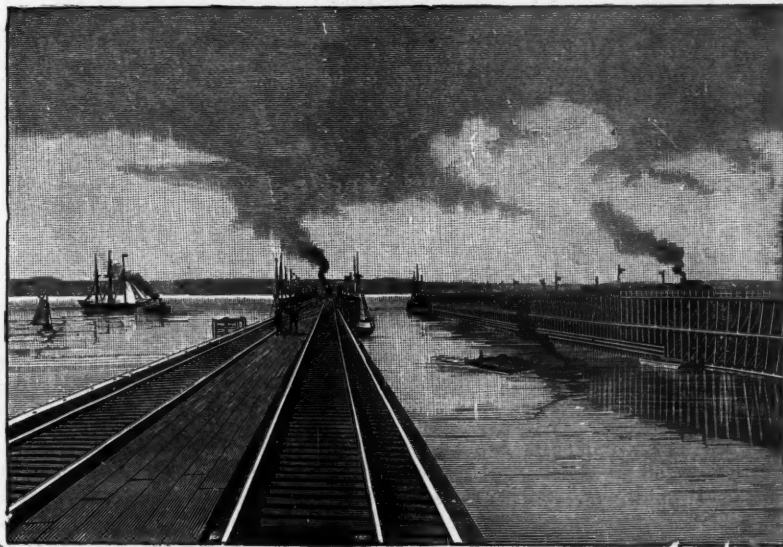
zontal, upon which rests the body of ore, extending to the surface of the ground, thus:



The formation on the Vermillion range, in Minnesota, the Gogebic range in Wisconsin and Michigan, and the Menominee range, of Michigan, is practically the same in each case.

naba on Lake Michigan; the Menominee range in Michigan and Wisconsin, opened in 1887, shipping ports, Gladstone and Escanaba on Lake Michigan; The Gogebic range, Michigan and Wisconsin, shipping port, Ashland on Lake Superior; The Vermillion range, Minnesota, opened in 1854, shipping port, Two Harbors on Lake Superior; The Mesaba range, Minnesota, opened in 1892, shipping ports, Duluth, Two Harbors and West Superior on Lake Superior.

LAKE SUPERIOR ORE DOCKS AT ASHLAND, WIS.



excepting that the foot wall and ore deposits on the Vermillion range dip south at an angle of sixty-five degrees, while that of the Gogebic range dip north at the same angle.

The five Lake Superior ranges that have revolutionized the iron trade of the United States are: The Marquette range, Michigan, opened in 1845, first shipment in 1856, shipping ports, Marquette on Lake Superior and Escanaba

The total shipments of ore from the Lake Superior iron mines since they were opened up, are as follows:

Marquette range	52,378,261 tons.
Mesaba range	16,964,158 "
Menominee range	27,453,706 "
Vermillion range	11,763,808 "
Gogebic range	35,545,484 "
Grand total	134,105,467 "

An average sized ore train contains fifty cars, with an average of twenty tons to the car—1,000 tons to each

train—each car averaging twenty-four feet in length. The enormity of iron ore lake shipments from the Lake Superior mines may be readily seen from the fact that they would completely fill twenty-seven solid trains, the cars standing end to end, extending from the Arctic ocean to Cape Horn, a distance of 11,260 miles, or twelve trains extending completely around the earth at the equator.

Assuming that the distance around the earth is 25,000 miles, this ore would fill a fleet of vessels loaded with an average of 3,000 tons each placed

shipped over seven and a half million tons of iron ore.

The following table shows the great decrease in freight rates on iron ore, taking three large ore shipping ports as examples. The ports taken are Escanaba, Marquette and Ashland:

Year.	Escanaba.	Marquette.	Ashland.
1887	\$1.40	\$1.63	\$2.00
1891	.65	.90	1.00
1895	.55	.75	.80
1897	.45	.65	.70

In 1898 the wild rate from Ashland dropped to 45 cents, but in 1899 the extraordinary demand for iron has raised the rate to \$2.00. The cheapen-

THE ASHLAND MINE



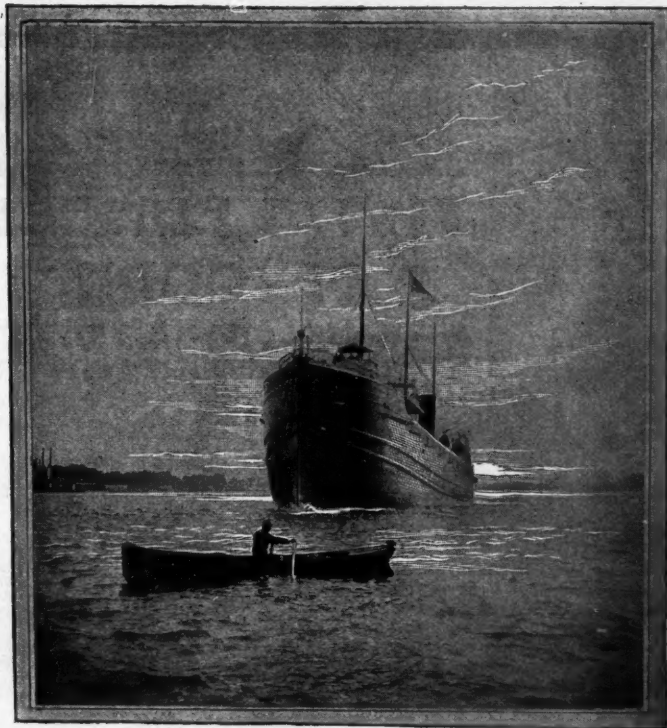
one mile apart, extending around the earth one and 5-6 times. All this ore has gone into the markets of the world during the last fifteen years. No wonder the iron district of Lake Superior has revolutionized the iron trade of the world.

On the five Lake Superior ranges 288 mines have been in operation, some of them intermittently, the majority continuously, as follows: Marquette range, ninety mines; Mesaba range, twenty-eight mines; Menominee range, sixty-three mines; Vermilion range, four mines; Gogebic range, forty-four mines; but the greatest of all these is the Norrie, which, alone, has

ing of freight rates is largely due to the increased size of the vessels, which formerly cleared from Lake Superior loaded to a depth of fourteen feet, six inches, but which now, owing to the deepening of St. Mary's river, load to a depth of eighteen feet.

The great problem of the near future, is to secure an uninterrupted deep waterway channel from the head of the lakes to the sea. There are two outlets to the ocean from the lakes. One is by the Erie canal, and the other is down the old-fashioned Welland canal, and thence down the dangerous rapids of the St. Lawrence river. Either route is entirely inadequate to

A LAKE SUPERIOR ORE CARRIER



the growing demands of commerce. The question of cheaper transportation will not be settled until vessels can load at Chicago or at the head of the lakes and proceed directly to New York city without reloading. Governor Roosevelt, of New York, is wrestling with the canal problem, and the report of his canal committee will decide whether or not the Empire State will abandon the Erie canal, after all the millions spent upon it, or attempt to deepen it to the require-

ments of commerce. This is not a question for New York to settle, however; it concerns the farmers of the northwest, the ore producers, the shippers and the consumers, from Montana to the Atlantic ocean. The question of fresh water way transportation will not be settled until the waters of Lake Superior, Lake Huron, Lake Michigan and Lake Erie, in the words of Abraham Lincoln, "flow unvexed to the sea," and the ore carriers have water way to the coast cities.





FIVE KERNELS OF CORN

A THANKSGIVING TRADITION
BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

ILLUSTRATED BY WM. F. CROCKER

"Out of small beginnings great things have been produced, as one
small candle may light a thousand." - Governor Bradford.

'Twas the year of the famine in Plymouth of old,
The ice and the snow from the thatched roofs had rolled.
Through the warm purple skies steered the geese o'er the seas,
And the woodpeckers tapped in the clocks of the trees;
The boughs on the slopes to the south winds lay bare,
And dreaming of summer the buds swelled in air,
The pale Pilgrims welcomed each reddening morn;
There were left but for rations Five Kernels of Corn.

Five Kernels of Corn!
Five Kernels of Corn!

But to Bradford a feast were Five Kernels of Corn!

II

"Five Kernels of Corn! Five Kernels of Corn!
Ye people be glad for Five Kernels of Corn!"
So Bradford cried out on bleak Burial Hill,
And the thin women stood in their doors white and still.
"Lo the harbor of Plymouth rolls bright in the spring,
The maples grow red, and the wood robins sing,
The west wind is blowing, and fading the snow,
And the pleasant pines sing, and arbutuses blow,

Five Kernels of Corn!

Five Kernels of Corn!

To each one be given Five Kernels of Corn!

III

Oh Bradford of Austerfield, Austerfield green,
 'Mid the exiles of old was thy youthful form seen,
 The bell towers of Lincoln in vain rang for thee,
 Thou sought'st Scrooby Manor, to build o'er the sea.
 Thy lot thou did'st cast with that shelterless band,
 For them and their welfare did'st empty thy hand
 Of fortune and favor, and wealth held in scorn,
 And was grateful when free for Five Kernels of Corn!
 Five Kernels of Corn!
 Five Kernels of Corn!

With freedom a feast were Five Kernels of Corn!



IV

Oh, Bradford of Austerfield, haste on thy way,
 The west winds are blowing o'er Provincetown Bay,
 The white avens bloom, but the pine domes are chill;
 And new graves have furrowed Precisioners' Mill!
 "Give thanks all ye people, the warm skies have come,
 The hilltops are sunny, and green grows the holm,
 And the trumpets of winds, and the white March is gone,
 And ye still have left you Five Kernels of Corn.

Five Kernels of Corn!

Five Kernels of Corn!

Ye have for Thanksgiving Five Kernels of Corn!

"The raven's gift eat and be humble and pray,
 A new light is breaking, and Truth leads your way,
 One taper a thousand shall kindle: rejoice
 That to you has been given the wilderness voice!"
 Oh, Bradford of Austerfield, daring the wave,
 And safe through the sounding blasts leading the brave,
 Of deeds such as thine was the free nation born,
 And the festal world sings the "Five Kernels of Corn."

Five Kernels of Corn!

Five Kernels of Corn!

The nation gives thanks for Five Kernels of Corn!
 To the Thanksgiving feast bring Five Kernels of Corn!



WOMEN'S CONGRESS OF THE WORLD

By Medora Robbins Crosby*



LIKE a great oscillating pendulum which, swinging back and forth marks the period of time, so the International Congress of Women establishes another epoch in its progress by the Quinquennial Council held

in London the present year. Being primarily an American organization, the outcome of a society founded in Washington, D. C., March 31, 1888, there is pardonable pride to American women in the prominence it has attained.

Its object is to bring together the progressive feminine minds of all nationalities in order that the best good of humanity may be advanced and greater unity of thought, sympathy and purpose accomplished. Through the instrumentality of the council, means of communication between women's organizations all over the earth have been established.

That the high-minded and lofty purposes of this organization are being carried out, was more than evidenced at the meeting last summer. Among the subjects which came in for the most exhaustive discussion, were new ideas for education and employment of women; civil and political liberty; the care of the destitute and the correction or eradication of existing social evils.

*The author was present at this famous congress and prepared this comprehensive and entertaining account for the readers of "The National Magazine."

To Lady Aberdeen and her corps of able assistants, is due the credit of bringing to a highly successful issue this important gathering. Weeks were devoted to preparation and the social and literary meetings, where plans were discussed, were exceptionally brilliant. Sir William Wedderburn, who took a keen interest in the convention, defined the congress as "the consolidation of the influence of women and the guiding of that influence in the right direction," while John Stuart Mill, after advocating the cause of the council declared that "the present unfair position of women was the greatest obstacle to the progress of the human race."

Sir Richard Temple also interested himself in the preliminary arrangements, and recommended that the coming deliberations should proceed upon clearly defined lines; and Mrs. Montifiore stated that in admitting men as speakers in the council, an effort in the proper direction would be made to right the wrongs.

Lady Aberdeen herself, was untiring in her labors. She called attention to the fact that women from such countries as Russia, Finland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Belgium, France, Spain, and the United States, as well as the English provinces, would be present, representing every phase of woman's work and the outcome might lead to tremendous changes, possibly a revolution without the "R".

So much enthusiasm was excited that the English ladies not only opened their homes but subscribed so liberally

LADY ABERDEEN



One of the most notable personages connected with women's work in the world, and the leading spirit in the recent Women's Congress of the World.

to the fund that the committee was enabled to make arrangements for holding meetings on a scale never before attempted by English women.

Westminster Town Hall, on Caxton street, off Victoria street, provided facilities for holding two or three gatherings at a time. Then there was St. Martin's Hall, between Charing Cross Road and St. Martin's Lane, near Trafalgar Square and Queen's Hall, Portland Place, that were similarly utilized, while Convocation Hall, Dean Yard, near Westminster Abbey, was devoted to the discussion of Social Reforms.

These various gatherings were presided over by the Duchess of Portland, the Duchess of Bedford, Lady Battersea, Mrs. Creighton, wife of the Lord Bishop of London, Lady Laura Ridding and many others of note.

The meetings were systematically arranged and divided. The educational section dealt with such subjects as "India and the Colonies;" "China;" "Japan;" "The Universities of Europe and America;" "Technical Education;" "Co-Education" and "Modern Educational Experiments in the United States, Great Britain and Germany."

The professional section discussed the various occupations open to women. The meeting devoted to "The Drama" was presided over by Mrs. Madge Kendal; and Mary Shaw, the well-known actress, spoke on the "American Stage." Miss Shaw's comprehensive remarks were listened to with the closest attention. She gave an historical outline of the drama from the earliest period of persecution and neglect, to its present proud position as a modern social factor. There were in America, she said, some 3000 women employed on the stage, but the field was not as extensive or profitable as many supposed.

Mrs. H. Beerbohm Tree and Miss

Genevieve Ward also contributed valued opinions and Fraulein Mina Mardor, of Germany, complained that actresses of her country were not compensated as liberally as the actors and were liable to dismissal on entering the married state.

In this professional section ideas were also advanced on the work of women as inspectors; the training of women journalists and their economic position, the paper on the latter topic being read by Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden, one of the American delegates.

The training of women in agriculture, another subject before the professional section, evoked quite a discussion and brought out many opinions which resulted in a special visit to the Horticultural College at Swanley, where about sixty young ladies were receiving a practical training in horticulture.

The legislative and industrial section treated topics on special labor legislation for women; the scientific treatment of domestic service, marriage and divine laws and the ethics of wage earning.

The political section was presided over by Mrs. May Wright Sewell, and Miss Susan B. Anthony read a highly interesting paper, followed by others from the delegates from Switzerland, Germany, Holland, France, Italy and Great Britain. Other subjects which came under this section were the responsibilities and duties of women in public life and woman's status in social government.

The social section was chiefly devoted to reforms and opened with prisons and reformatories, the leading paper being by the late Mrs. Ellen C. Johnson of this country, on "The Treatment of Women in Prison."

The sad and sudden death of Mrs. Johnson while in London, was the one distressing incident of the Congress.

Then came rescue work and the treatment of the destitute classes, the Rev. Ida Hulten speaking on this topic. Mrs. William B. Lowe gave a paper on women's clubs and Mrs. Croly (Jennie June) who took part in the discussion, characterized a club woman as "one who wanted to know things."

The subject of "Social Settlements" was also touched upon, but the plans suggested seemed rather visionary and impractical. The question of the social necessity of an equal moral standard for men and women, called forth one of the most animated discussions of the Congress, and the meeting ended in some little excitement.

Other timely topics were the "Public Control of Amusements," "Temperance and Public Control of the Liquor Traffic," "Provident Schemes," "Pension Schemes for Old Age and Emigration."

The meeting for the protection of bird and animal life called out many enthusiastic English speakers, but I regret to state that not a single representative from this country raised a voice in defense of the dumb creatures.

For one of the closing meetings Mr. Gilbert Parker, the novelist, had prepared a paper on the housing of working women, but a sudden illness prevented him from reading it personally. The scheme suggested was the building of blocks of houses called "Maisonettes," and the writer believed such an idea could be made to pay a revenue. So impressed was the audience with the plan that steps were at once taken to set on foot a movement with such an enterprise in view.

Soon after the opening of the Congress it was voted to send a telegram to the Peace Conference then sitting at the Hague, and on June 28, 1899, the following despatch was forwarded:

"The International Council of Women, at a great meeting held in Queen's

Hall, London, last evening, representing women from many countries, formally identified itself with international arbitration and requested me to send a telegram to the Conference at the Hague, expressive of the most earnest good wishes for the success of its labors.

"(Signed) Isabel Aberdeen.

"President International Council of Women."

In matters pertaining to the advancement of women, the Anglo-Saxon race seemed to have made greater progress than other nationalities. In Germany women are not permitted to form political associations, while in Russia neither men nor women can band together in any organization of a political nature without special consent of the Imperial Government. In Holland such an act is unconstitutional, but in France, long before French women displayed any desire to study medicine or obtain a university education, the doors of scholastic institutions were thrown open to them and even English and German women availed themselves of the privileges of becoming graduates of the University of Paris.

While the council was in session, information was received that the legal profession had been opened to the women in France.

The private and official entertainments that were offered to the members of the Congress surpassed all American ideas of hospitality. What influence could be brought to bear on the wife of a millionaire, who owned fine estates near any large city in this country, not only to open her home but provide elaborate entertainment and personally receive two or three hundred club women from all parts of the earth.

Yet this is what the nobility of England did, notwithstanding the oft-re-

peated assertion that the English were self-centered and narrow minded. Possibly some of quinquennial meetings may be held in New York and it will remain to be seen if the Goulds, the Astors, the Vanderbilts and other wealthy families will receive and entertain as lavishly.

On Monday evening, June 21, the formal opening of the social side of the Congress began with a reception held at Stafford House, St. James, London, through the courtesy of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. The Duchess herself and the Countess of Aberdeen received the guests, who began to arrive soon after nine o'clock. The English custom of announcing the guest from the door by a solemn footman, was quite awe-inspiring, to say nothing of the necessity of making a graceful appearance in crossing the long drawing-room alone, to where the receiving party were standing, where another usher asked to have the name repeated.

But Stafford House is one of the finest private mansions in London, and the visitor soon forgets himself and is lost in admiration of the lofty rooms and corridors, filled with collections of valuable paintings, antiquities and curios.

To many the customs of the English ladies were a novelty, for in London it is almost *de rigeur* to appear after six o'clock in bare shoulders and arms.

The following Wednesday evening, Lady Battersea held a reception at Surrey House, but one of the most delightful entertainments was a garden party given on Saturday afternoon by the Lord Bishop of London and Mrs. Creighton, at their residence, the celebrated Fulham Palace, which has been the home of bishops of London for more than seven hundred years.

It is a comfortable rather than a showy house, built of brick and con-

tains two courts entered by an archway. The grounds are large and have many fine trees and flower beds which are enclosed by a moat, a mile in circuit and crossed by two bridges. The guests were permitted to explore this fine building and view the portraits of former bishops adorning the walls of the library. A handsome but small chapel was added in 1867.

It was a beautiful day and the lawns were covered with marquee tents where refreshments were served in generous quantities. It is quite the custom in England at all receptions to conduct the guest on arriving immediately to the refreshment room, where, after supplying himself to his heart's content, he remembers his hostess, who can then receive his undivided attention. This is not such a strange idea when one recalls the scant civility guests sometimes exhibit in the zeal to reach the supper table.

On July 3, the Society of American Women gave a luncheon at Hotel Cecil to which we were invited, besides the members of the council, many of the notable women of England, among them Sarah Grand and Mrs. Humphreys Ward.

July 4 was celebrated by attending the grand garden party given by Lady Rothschild and Mrs. Leopold Rothschild at their estate Gunnersbury Park, a short distance out of London. Several special trains carried the guests to the station at Acton, Mill Hill Park, where brakes were in waiting to convey the people to the house, a delightful drive of about a mile. Along the route the roadside was lined with interested crowds of villagers.

Gunnersbury Park is beautiful beyond description. Money had been lavishly expended to add to the many natural glories of the spot; artificial lakes and water-lily ponds; palm gardens and grounds, acres in extent, laid

out in flower-bordered walks, presented a most entrancing picture. All through the park, in every available spot, tables were laid with liquid and more solid refreshments, while in the house an elaborate collation was prepared. A programme of vaudeville was also provided, contributed to by artists from the leading music halls of London.

That same evening was the closing reception of the Congress, given by the Countess of Aberdeen at the Royal Institute of Water Colors in Piccadilly. This event was what might be termed a fashionable "crush," for all London was there. Lord Aberdeen and his daughter assisted the Countess in receiving. During the reception a farewell address was made by Susan B. Anthony, and a vote of thanks was tendered to Lady Aberdeen for the success of the different meetings and the pleasure she had given to so many, through numberless courtesies.

The final and in many ways the most interesting event of the Congress was the visit to Windsor Castle through the special invitation of Queen Victoria, on Friday, July 7. A special train left Paddington about three o'clock in the afternoon for Windsor, and there were some 200 ladies in the party.

On arriving at the station the ladies proceeded to the Castle, which lay within easy walking distance. Lady Aberdeen was met by the Queen's private secretary, Sir Arthur Bigge, and after a little delay, the Queen's carriage, drawn by two dashing bay horses, drew up before the entrance.

Then Her Majesty appeared escorted by the Princess Beatrice of Battenberg. The company formed a line on one side of the quadrangle and the ladies were thus enabled to see and be seen by the Queen, who stopped at the place where Lady Aberdeen was standing and ex-

pressed her regret that she had kept the delegation waiting.

It was quite a picturesque gathering, the delegates from India appearing in their Oriental costumes and prostrating themselves while their monarch was passing.

The Queen, despite her eighty years, looked remarkably well preserved, with a fresh, clear color in her cheeks. She was attired in black, her bonnet being ornamented with three white ostrich feathers.

After she had passed, the ladies were shown through the state apartments and then in the audience chamber, were served with afternoon tea. Out of deference to the temperance members of the Congress, no wines were offered. At 6.30 o'clock the ladies again took the train for London with the memory of having been specially honored.

Besides these elaborate courtesies, many of the literary and artistic people of London offered delightful smaller receptions, teas and similar entertainments. The Writers' Club opened its home on Norfolk Street, the Strand, to the stranger, and a most charming little retreat I found it, situated in the heart of busy London, with library and all the papers and magazines at hand. Among the members of this club are Sarah Grand, Mrs. Humphreys Ward, Marie Correlli, John Strange Winter and others well known to fame.

The election of officers for the next year was the termination of this memorable occasion. They are: President, Mrs. May Wright Sewell of Indianapolis, Ind.; Vice-President, Isabel Countess of Aberdeen; Treasurer, Frau Shiverin, Germany; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Theresa F. Wilson, of Scotland; Recording Secretary, Mlle. Camille Vidart, of Geneva, Switzerland.



"And in this wise was the beautiful Lady Geraldine received into the bosom of the church. All flesh is carnal; love is flesh pertaining unto the Devil."

GENEVRA wore a muslin dress, pink as the excited flush on her cheeks, as she read this ancient chronicle half aloud. Apple blossoms waved in the sea breeze above her head in harmony with the girl's unusual country delicacy and bloom. Genevra had helped her mother do the afternoon chores, then borrowed for herself the two hours she took daily in which to play being a grand lady—for this girl, looking pensively off over the sand dunes of Rhode Island into a calm indigo sea was ill content with her place in the world. She longed for the fictitious, for the affectations rather than the realities of aristocratic life. The first she had learned from novels, the latter there were few opportunities for her to hear about. Books which she read with a gnawing curiosity, led her often away from truth, owing to her feeble powers of discrimination and reflection

inherited from a weakly imaginative mother.

The girl rocked to and fro in the chair she had brought out into the orchard, under the trees, and which did service as a throne during these imaginative hours. She read over many times, from the ancient romance found in the village library, that the noble lady had ended her life in a convent, sacrificing her lover to a belief that "all flesh is carnal; love is flesh."

"I'd be wrong to love him, then! I won't go to Heaven when I die, if I do. Oh Lem! You scat me!" Aslant her book had fallen a shadow, whose owner laid a gentle, roughened hand on Genevra's hair, checking her exclamation.

"I hadn't no intention o' doin' that," replied the country boy, looking down at her from steady eyes warmed by the deep affection he had given her from the cradle. "You 'mind me o' Bess Aber's mulie cow lookin' off across the meadows that way. You don't see nothin' when you're doin' it, do you, Gen?"

"I see more'n the cow does, anyway," she replied, poutingly. "I see the

things I read in books, an' that's more'n you or cows does."

No amonnt of grammar, familiarized to Genevra in books, bore with corrective force upon her inherited speech.

"Come now, Gen, your feelin's ain't hurt, are they?" Lem asked, touching caressingly the strings of her pink sun-bonnet lying on the grass near by. "I wouldn't do that for a farm, an' you know it. I was only jokin'. I've come to be answered what I asked you the other day, Gen. What'd you say? All right? Soon?" The tall, earnest youth spread himself out on the grass beside her, answering the call of a Bob White in the distance, incidentally, as he attempted, with his eyes, to make the girl look at him.

Her face changed from a pout to an expression of troubled introspection. Far back on her maternal side a grandmother had been burned at the stake in punishment for prophesy. Genevra often appeared to be listening to the unseen. Slowly she shook her head negatively in answer, but neither looked at him nor spoke. "Ain't you goin' to do it, Gen?" the lover asked, with anxious eyes and voice. "I'm poor, but I can keep you decent now. I'm help to the village undertaker. 'Tain't same's if I was hired help to Ole Hoxey still. You'd live up to the village—I cal'late you'd like that. You don't mean no, Gen. Say you don't." He dragged his body towards her along the grass, crushing the young blades with the weight; but still she said nothing—only passed a forefinger up and down a page of the open book in her lap shyly, with some embarrassment. Lem went on earnestly at first, then broke into a feeble attempt at jocularity. "In another year or so Mr. Jones'd give me a raise, or mebbe take me in. He says my name's jus' right for the undertakin' bizness—

Lem Gravesend. Funny, ain't it? I'd give you—"

"'Tain't that," Genevra interrupted, without looking up. "You'd make a good husband, Lem; anybody'd know that, you're so kind; but husbands ain't good things to have."

"Why not? If they're good ones they're good to have, certain sure," he replied, looking incredulous and slightly perplexed.

Again she shook her head sadly. A deep blush dyed her face, and she began haltingly: "No, Lem—you don't read—all—the things I do—an' you don't understand on account o' that. Marryin's lawful, but (she hesitated)—but—'tain't nice. It's the longin's o' the flesh. O Lem! I jus' can't say it"—she turned her face away from him—"but the beautiful Lady Geraldine wouldn't marry, neither, and she went into a convent, because she thought that way, an' died a saint."

"What's the bootiful Lady Geraldine—or whatever's her name—got to do 'th me an' you? he returned, impatiently. "Ain't you got no mind o' your own? Didn't you promise me's early's when we kep' company a-goin' to school years back? What's got in you, Gen? There ain't no sense in sich talk, an' all them fool books you read. I ain't a-askin' you to do no wrong, I'm askin' o' you in marriage."

"Yes, I know it," she replied, lugubriously; "an' I know I promised, but ever since I got religion las' spring I've allowed marryin' wus of the flesh an' the devil, bound to be punished in hell fire; an' here's this old book an' the beautiful Lady Geraldine sayin' what I allowed to be right."

"Well! I never did hear sich talk before or since!" exclaimed the lover, indignantly. "I al'ays allowed the religion to them revival meetin's come more from hell than heaven—now I know it, fur certain sure. Land o'

love! Gettin' married be wrong, be it? Then you can't lay much store by your own father and mother. They got married."

"Mebbe 'twas right fur them; an' others's thinks so: but if I allow it's wrong fur me, it be wrong." The girl replied doggedly, setting her thin, ascetic, stubborn lips.

"Say, Gen," he asked, making sarcastic droops at the corners of his mouth. Who's the fellar? Somebody's cut me out I guess."

This evidently pained her, for she loved her life-long friend in every part of her being not sucked by leeches of superstition and mawkish sentiment.

"There ain't no other one I care about, an' you know it, but ever since I got religion I've knowed 'twan't fur me to marry. If there was a convent round here I'd join it an' dedicate my soul an' body to heaven, same's the beautiful Lady Geraldine. Look here at her picture." She tried to show him a faded engraving but he impatiently looked away, answering with accentuated indignation. "I don't want none o' your darned, tarnation readin's makes your mind work looney. You know I've cared for you all my days, Genevra, an' al'ays cal'lated to marry you when the right time come; an' I'll al'ays allow some other fellar's makin' you act like this, till I see different. You ain't treatin' me square. I never allowed you'd act so by anybody. I'll be goin' and give that other fellar a chance. Be he hid behind that tree?"

"Don't talk so, Lem. 'Tain't nice. There ain't no other fellar. It's my religion that's come between us, I tell you."

"Oh shucks!" he replied, turning his back without more words and hurrying indignantly towards his team, hitched to a post beyond the orchard wall.

The apple blossoms blushed and fell many times; the snows of winter man-

tled and melted again and again; the sun shone, the rain beat, and Life hurried along, racing with Death for twenty years up the hill of eternity, and still Lemuel Gravesend had not discovered "the other fellar," nor had he persuaded Genevra into matrimony. Her mania increased with the hurry of the years. She settled into a stubborn conviction concerning the life of the flesh and her religious duty towards her spiritual being. Her brothers married; her parents died; and finally her eldest brother and his wife having taken the farm, thus leaving her without imperative domestic calling, Genevra settled down with a meagre inheritance in a quaint, little house in the village, where she lived in constant attendance upon the orphan child of a dead brother. Her miniature house became a curiosity in the village. Visiting strangers were invariably taken to see it. The house of five rooms had been built long before in a New England style now obsolete, except by inheritance—that of a wooden structure whose upper story was reached by a stairway on the outside of the house. Originally, there had been no interior manner of ascension, but during Genevra's youth the owner removed the outside stairway and built an interior one, even more precipitous and inconvenient—a box staircase, so narrow and steep that furniture must be elevated to the second story from the outside, by means of ropes and the windows. The house was an architectural nightmare, and still its quaint attractions were numerous. Lilac bushes brushed the small-paned windows in May, and all winter the ghosts of dead flowers peered in through the icicles hanging from the eaves. Visitors to the village, having learned of Genevra's matured passion for stories and pictures of mediaeval times, sent her in remembrance, amidst much that was

spurious literature and art, some valuable prints and early editions, of whose intrinsic value Genevra knew nothing, and whose presence among her other surroundings was incongruous and perplexing to every fresh observer.

Genevra, all unaware of her position as a town curiosity, carried out unswervingly her pose of aspiring saint and martyr. Her instincts were dramatic. The village was a stage whose boards she trod a heroine of romance because she had renounced her lover, Lem Gravesend, and all the villagers were aware of her sacrifice.

Thinking of herself as young and beautiful kept her so to a surprising extent. At forty the pink still flushed in her cheeks and her hair waved gold-brown and plentiful. Dreaming and posing she slipped by Life in his Titanic race. After six months of absenting himself and watching for "the other fellar," Lem had returned to his personal devotion to Genevra with but small reward. The girl, having determined to be a saint, proved faithful to the vows she told her lover she had taken.

For ten years he persuaded her unavailingly to the unfailing interest of the neighbors; then he ceased to speak of the subject, but patiently continued his visits to the strange lady of his love, who received him seated on a mahogany sofa; herself arrayed in the one silk frock she possessed, crudely fashioned after the costume of a renaissance beauty found among her collection of prints. Wonderfully strange Genevra!

Lem sadly holding her to be "looney," considered it his simple duty to care for her all the more tenderly. When she told the neighbors of her sanctity and how she hoped to die without having felt a man's arms about her, they thought of Lem with an exchange of significant glances, and Mrs. Sarah

Dixon said without reserve "I'd jus' like to thrash the foolishness out o' Gen Oliver! If saints wear them fool clothes she does I'll take my chances o' going where mebbe they won't wear nothin' a-burnin'."

But one day when the robins hopped about the grass under the orchard, avoiding the new-born industry of the turkey-chickens, Genevra drove down to the old family home by the sea. Sitting alone in her tiny parlor that afternoon, before she started, while Willie, her nephew, played about the kitchen steps, she experienced a new desolation sweeping over her. Suddenly she felt so old that involuntarily she glanced up at the long mirror to see if her hair was turning white. The young leaves whispered among themselves outside her windows, but she no longer understood them. Willie beat the cellar steps noisily with a stick, but Genevra was not aroused to reprimand. She sat there feeling age creep through her veins, and without perceptible reason her life seemed worthless. She wondered how it would feel to have Lem's arms about her. Were all other women right and she alone wrong? For an hour or more she wistfully leaned there against the window sill, with her chin on one hand, staring out at the pink hollyhocks nodding at her in approval of her reformation. Then she slowly went out after Willie, who helped her hitch up old Nance to the carryall and together they drove down to the beach. Genevra was convinced that a sight of the ocean would renew the youth she had suddenly lost. In the old place under the apple trees, the woman sat feeling the blossoms fall about her and looking off to sea. The image of Lem as he sat on the grass trying to persuade her far off in their faded youth came back reproachfully.

Genevra felt some black, unfamiliar

presence near her. It seemed to brush aside her mental picture of Lem when she succeeded in visualizing his homely face and tender gentleness of manner. Finally she swept a stray lock of hair blown down by the breezes, back from her eyes, and leaving one hand to cover her face she gripped the other painfully as great sobs shook her thin body and poured slow tear drops down her cheeks. Youth was all gone and her aesthetic dream was rudely broken by those unseen hand.

Suddenly Genevra fell back unconscious of the intruding, inexplicable presence. After some time she slowly opened her eyes, looked about at the familiar scene with . unwelcoming glance, and presently, returned to a dazed understanding, she got into the carryall, forgetting Willie, and drove vacantly home to the village.

The next day at noon Lemuel Gravesend received a verbal message by a village boy to go at once to Genevra's house. The boy knew nothing more than the message delivered to him in great haste by Genevra's neighbor, Mrs. Dixon, conveyed.

Lem, both proud and glad to feel that Genevra desired or needed him, felt more interest as a lover in the message than professional alarm.

He stopped to dress in his best clothes, remembering Genevra's spectacular devotion to fine attire. In his heart he believed himself on the verge of taking a great possession to himself—Genevra must have given in at last and would marry him.

He walked more erect and his head balanced proudly; for, unconsciously, Genevra had imbued him with her own image of herself. She was now to him his wonderful lady and he a vanquishing hero.

At the door of Genevra's house Mrs. Dixon met him with the words "'Twas vilent sudden. Lem! Wa'n't it? I've

got her all ready to be laid out; dressed real nice in that funny silk dress, but you've got to carry her down stairs fur the-buryin'. A coffin'll never go up them stairs." Lem stared professionally at her. "Who you talkin' 'bout?" he said, "nobody ain't sent fur me fur bizness this mornin's I know of. I've been to Colchester."

"Why, Lem! Ain't you heard?" the woman exclaimed, eager to tell the news. "That's too bad! I allowed's you'd know furst of all! Genevra was found dead in her bed early this mornin'. Died mighty sudden alone o' dead o' night. I went early this mornin' to borry a cup o' butter, an' found her layin' upstairs in bed. Oh, 'twere awful! I can't make you sensible o' it."

Lem continued to look at her as if wondering just how crazy she was; but suddenly realization, spurred by his familiarity with the professional side of death, crept over him. He turned and sat down heavily on the door-sill, shading his eyes with his Sunday hat.

"If what you're tellin' be truth, I'd like you to leave me alone a minute or two," he finally said, in a barely audible voice. The woman went further back into the parlor, where she sat on the mahogany sofa, watching him curiously.

The silence over the house was as thick as smoke. Far off horses' feet could be heard crossing a wooden bridge. A dog barked once or twice. All the curious villagers except Mrs. Dixon had gone home to discuss the news while at dinner. Lem did not hear even a twig crack. He was trying to imagine his love as one of those awful things he had grown used to in business.

Finally, as a noble bridegroom enters his new-made wife's chamber he slowly rose and walked solemnly up the narrow stairs, unmindful of Mrs.

Dixon, who followed, curiously. Straight into Geneva's bed-chamber he walked, and over to the bed by the window where his bride lay sleeping.

"Gen," he called gently to the strange form lying there. "Gen, we're married now, I guess." Softly, as if for fear of waking her, he laid down beside the lifeless body.

"Gen! my wife!" he called against the yellow-brown hair, embracing in death what was denied him in life.

One moment he held it close, then, standing up, he solemnly raised his

wife in his arms and bore her down the narrow stairs carefully, protectingly, for fear the hard wall might touch her.

"Gen!" he called, repeatedly, still unmindful of Mrs. Dixon, who followed close behind. "The Lord has rightfully give you to me in death. Nobody could a-carried a coffin up them stairs, so bein' what I am I've got to put my arms around you to get you down. Do you mind, Gen? Do you mind? I al'ays loved you." The dead lips seemed to smile, so he kissed them.

DESOLATION

A rude log hut on a lonely hill,
Snow on the north wind flying;
Darkness within where a man lies still,
And a woman sighing.

Night, but no stars. On the blizzard's blast
Ride souls that have felt God's spurning,
Hideous wraiths from the world's dead past
For an hour returning.

They grapple the cabin on either side,
Laughing and shrieking and twisting;
The roof beams sullenly grumble, tired
By the toil of resisting.

The watch dog starts from the floor to growl,
The terrors of night defying.
Away in the valley a lone wolf's howl
And a nameless crying.

* * * * *

A rude log hut on a lonely hill,
Deep sunk in the land-sea's foam;
But Death steals in where the man lies still,
And he gathers him home.

Frank Pulnam

THE THIBETAN SAVAGES



THE THIBETAN SAVAGES

NARRATIVE OF A DASH TO THE SACRED CITY OF TZUCHAN, NORTHEASTERN THIBET

By William Jameson Reid

Author of "Through Unexplored Asia," etc.

DURING the course of my last explorations in Thibet, a protracted journey of a thousand miles in an effort to penetrate through the hitherto untrodden wilds of eastern Thibet had carried me far up the current of the Kinsha Kiang into the wild and unexplored regions of Sifan, an

unknown land, which for centuries has frustrated the most indomitable efforts of explorers and travellers. At the end of six months' perilous progress through the wild and almost impassable gorges of western Yunnan and Szechuen we at last reached the chief tribal city of Gharlkau. Our effort to

reach Gharlkau had been made for two reasons: first, it was a headquarters from which we might prepare for the final part of our hazardous journey through unexplored Asia; secondly, it afforded a base by which to accomplish the most difficult and venturesome task which we had yet been called upon to face—the penetration through the Ping mountains to the sacred city of the Chite Buddhists at Tzuchan. For centuries this fierce sect have held aloof from the outside world, and to-day they are as untamed and barbarous as their fierce ancestors. They are for the most part semi-civilized, many of them, however, being savages of the lowest order; and even cannibalism is said to be prevalent among numbers of them.

Yet we have visited their wild domains; have witnessed their strange customs; and for the first time are able to give to the world some facts concerning this unknown people.

On the morning of August 27, 1894, we left Gharlkau on our advance journey to Tsuchan. Deciding that the only chance of success lay in a paucity of numbers, we had selected two of the most trusty of our Kiangsi crew and three native Gharlkauese to serve as our escort, while to evade detection we attired ourselves as Tourgouth nomads. We had planned to reach Tsuchan at the end of five days' journeying across the sterile mountain plateau

before the fact of our presence in the country should become widely known, and having gained scientific points concerning this people, to return with as much celerity as possible, for the impending evidences of an arctic winter settling in over the high altitudes was a serious menace.

Our first day's effort carried us over the long plateau; and purposely avoiding the larger settlements, where our progress was liable to be impeded, by nightfall we had reached the lowest range of the Ping mountains. We were utterly fagged out by the toilsome journey of the day, and selecting a small grove of trees which afforded shelter from the chilling blasts hurtled down from the snow-capped mountain summits, we pitched our camp.

The country on the day following grew more inhabited, rendering further attempt at concealment useless. The people occupying this region were much shorter than either the Tanguts or Mongols, and much different in general characteristics. They are very ugly in shape, with enormous stomachs out of all



proportion to their tiny, spindling arms and legs; with the most repulsive faces, broad and flat, and covered with enormous slits and scars. Tattooing was very common, while those who had not been adorned with figures had painted their entire bodies with a yellowish red composition,

which gave them a most hideous appearance. They were a race of fishermen, for the stream was covered with their little skin boats, which they managed to shoot over the uneven surface with marvelous skill and celerity.

We soon discovered that they were unnaturally hostile, for as we sought to cross the stream they crowded down upon us with loud cries, brandishing knives and spears, notwithstanding the fact that from their distance they could not have penetrated our native disguise. With such evidences we could not but congratulate ourselves that we had not adhered to our original intention of passing through the country without disguise of any sort; for as subsequent events proved, it was this alone that gave security.

Continuing our journey to the westward, we at first made good progress, there being plenty of fresh water, while so long as the five days' provisions which we were carrying held out we had nothing to fear in the way of starvation. All this, however, came to an end shortly before noontime, when we came upon another little mountain stream, beyond which extended as far as the eye could reach a sandy waste, covered with a sterile and towering mass of innumerable lofty rock-summits. The two native porters, following our example, plunged bodily into the current at the ford; but either from the weight of their loads, or frightened by the seething waters on each side of them, they missed their footing, and attracted by their shouts, we saw that they were being carried rapidly down stream, the load which each bore pressing them down into the water in spite of their most valorous efforts to maintain the surface. We called to them to slip the thongs from over their shoulders, but this they refused to do, until seeing that there was

no hope of saving their loads, they reluctantly abandoned them, and after herculean efforts reached the shore in safety.

Then, for the first time, the terrible danger which stared us in the face came home with frightful certainty. Here we were alone and unprotected in a barbarous country, without food and with no prospects of securing any. To make matters worse, the iciness of the climate increased each moment in rigor, penetrating through the thickest of clothing, while the wind storms increased in vehemence and frequency, accompanied by stinging clouds of alkali which filled our eyes, noses, ears and lungs, until breathing and seeing became painful. The Kiangsis were for turning back; but Burton, with all his old-time bulldog tenacity and hardihood, sounded the advance, and with hearts sick and weary we continued the ascent of the Ping slope, over a pebbly plain, where only occasional tufts of stunted camel-thorn and rhubarb appeared above the ground. A dead quail and thrush were picked up in the arid tract, these birds having doubtless dropped from exhaustion during flight, and fallen victims to their inexperience in attempting a direct passage across so desolate a region. With wolfish intensity we seized upon these prizes, and having cooked them over a fire of yak dung and eaten them, we again pressed on in the expectation of stumbling upon some native habitation or village where we could obtain food. Before nightfall, from across the barren verge we detected the outlines of a small village, and cheered by the knowledge that the country contained inhabitants of some kind, we had soon reached its limits and entered.

Our approach was welcomed by the barking of an unconditioned pack of noisy curs, who rushed savagely at our heels, until exasperated beyond all

measure of endurance at the actions of one shaggy monster, who persisted in making violent efforts to seize one of the Kiangsis, Burton fired at him with his revolver. Almost in a moment the unnatural quietude which had surrounded us was broken with shrill screams of rage, and we were confronted by a group of fifty howling, threatening savages, with spears poised, ready to launch at us at the first command of the head man, who stalked forth, and having gazed long and earnestly into our faces, ordered his men to retire, inviting us to his own abode. Suspecting treachery of some sort, we did not take our eyes off him for a single moment; but he evidently was not a hostile-minded individual, for he invited us to drink tea with him until long after midnight, when utterly fagged out in body and spirit we huddled together on the floor in an effort to secure some protection from the frigidity of the climate.

With all its shortcomings, this vast region to the west of the Dji Chu is a curious country to see,—a treeless, rocky visaged plateau, across which pile in monotonous sequence innumerable lofty mountain ranges, devoid of all featureal charm whatsoever, but presenting a bizarre and uncouth appearance which attracts and repels one at the same time. Over the vast sterile plains and hilly slopes are disposed innumerable mounds,—the sepulchres of a past generation, which would doubtless be mines of untold wealth to archaeologists and students of the great primeval age but that they are jealously guarded by the natives of the present, who would resent any attempts that might be made to disturb the tombs of their ancestors.

It would be an utter impossibility to imagine a people more unenlightened and barbarous than those we found here, being but a grade removed from

the lower order of animals. No spark of civilization has yet made itself felt, and one might as well essay to change the direction of the wind's wild course as to sow the seeds of Christianity with hopes of fructification. Nature is without attractions of any kind, except a sort of rough majestic grandeur which may satisfy the traveller in search of landscapes monotonously bleak and repellent; never a tree is seen, and scarcely a flower, except for a few months in the year. Vast mountain peaks are covered with a soil which by thrift and industry might be made phenomenally productive, but which is left in its wild state for the growth of coarse grasses, furnishing pasturage for the small herds of scrawny cattle. The more favored regions are inhabited by small herds of wild asses, antelopes, and long black-haired yaks, which afford subsistence to a sinister and uncouth population.

Of amusements there are but few—the male portion of the population spending what time is not engaged in manual labor in gambling, for which they show a remarkable aptitude, and into which they enter with all the passion of devotees, risking their entire possessions and even their own persons on no worthier a pastime than guessing the number of stones which another may hold in his hand.

There is no outdoor occupation for the women, who are rarely seen outside their gloomy cave-homes,—a wretched race of emaciated and haggard beings, who bear every evidence of the hardness of their lot. Her condition is pitiable in the extreme, far worse than the very animals of her lord and master's herds, for they at least from mercenary motives, are treated humanely. On her falls the task of performing the manual labor of the community, while her master lives a life of comparative ease, and eats and

drinks himself into a constant state of maudlin and gluttonous emotion. Happy for her when death prematurely relieves her sufferings. When one has viewed her horrible condition, one can understand the little compunction which exists here regarding self-destruction, suicides causing greater reduction of the population than all other sources combined.

The native religion, when there is any, is the usual debased and lowest form of idol worship, attended with much sincere belief in witchcraft and mummery. The sway of the priests is all-powerful, they being the real rulers of the country, and directly more responsible for the narrow-minded bigotry and exclusiveness of the natives than any other cause.

Death, as is but natural where it is of such frequency, is here not looked upon or awaited with fear, and suicides, as stated before, are of frequent occurrence. The funeral ceremony is a function attended with great eclat. Whatever may have been the foibles or frailties of the deceased, or however undeserving he may be of the honor, so soon as he is dead his relatives and friends, from far and near, are summoned to attend the obsequies. The corpse, arrayed in the most gorgeous habiliments that can be procured and surrounded by his possessions, is seated in a chair and placed in the open air in front of his former dwelling, and for two or three days the body is allowed to remain in this position. During that time the relatives and friends gather round, and indulge in mourning dances and in drinking huge potations of fiery pundu, complimenting the corpse on his newly acquired state of blessedness, and expressing the cheerful desire that they might be in his shoes.

At the end of this time, the grave having been dug and exorcised of evil

spirits, the whole population of the village is summoned. After a big feast, in which every one gorges himself to the most extreme limit, the chair containing the corpse is lifted upon the shoulders of the immediate relatives of the dead man, and in this upright position is carried to the grave, where having been saluted by each of the mourners with a patting of the head and a sticking out of the tongue, it is dumped into the hole with scant ceremony; the male mourners meantime beating on drums and dancing, the females chanting doleful dirges and torturing themselves with knives and sharp instruments.

This ceremonious burial however is accorded only to the male, the female being buried in the first convenient spot which presents itself, without display of any kind, and most often by one of the wives of her husband.

While burials are usually matters of great rejoicing, in which everybody joins with a happy face and smiling countenance; wedding ceremonies on the other hand, are remarkably gloomy affairs.

By 10 a. m., of the 30th we had passed over the first mountain range, and were at last in the country of the Chites. Food and water were very scarce, but in the middle of the afternoon we were able to shoot several sand grouse with our revolvers as they tamely approached, and happening opportunely upon a mountain tarn, from which bubbled forth streams of deliciously cool and clear water, we filled our pouches. One of the native guides, owing to insufficient protection to his feet, was bruised and bleeding from the roughness of the mountain trail, and at last sank to the ground unable to move a step farther, begging that we press forward and leave him to die. Burton also was ailing from the effect of the rarified air on his lungs. A halt,

THE DANCE OF THE MASKED MONKS



however, was not to be thought of in our present exposed condition. To add to our troubles, immense banks of lowering clouds, dank and bitterly cold, presaged a snow storm at no distant time. We took one of the skin blankets and bound it about the man's feet, and blindly, furiously, stumblingly groped onward during the remainder of the day without perceiving a sign of human life, nothing but the wild, barbarous, and seemingly never-ending waste of mountain peaks and sand. When the sun fell, we dug out holes in the sand with our hands and lay down in them, covered with our blankets; and here we rested until daybreak of the 31st.

As we pressed forward once more we saw at last a black line on the horizon, very dark and thin, and we understood that it was forest land. It was deep and dense, gloomy as a tomb; and into it we plunged fearfully. We saw the tracks of wild beasts, and anon we could hear their cries; sometimes near at hand, sometimes at a distance.

Our water supply had reached its lowest mark, but there were no signs of springs or mountain streams, and we were compelled to husband the little which we had left. The clouds of dust constantly filled our lungs and parched our throats, while the agony of hunger and thirst was terrible. Shortly before noontime we saw a herd of small mountain camel grazing in a thick clump of bushes. I stole upon them on all fours, hoping to shoot one of them, but they ran away before I could fire. We halted again to relieve the sufferings of the unfortunate Gharlkause, his condition being exceedingly painful. I gave him my boots and pressed forward with improvised sandals formed of sapling withes. One of the guides informed us that we were now approaching the Chite city, and that we should be able to enter it

shortly after nightfall. The low-lying plain late in the afternoon again began to rise. At various times we descried fierce-looking shepherds and hunters roaming over the region, but we did not dare to call lest this might add a new danger to our other misfortunes. The sun went down with its succeeding blanket of icy coldness, and the moon was hidden behind the clouds so that we could scarcely see five yards ahead in the cavernous gloom. But grim and determined, and with set teeth, we stumbled on somehow until seven o'clock, when the prospect ahead lightened, and halting on the edge of the forest we saw in a shallow plain before us the object of our quest. We were instantly seized with a wild and fierce desire to rush toward it, but caution restrained us, notwithstanding our condition was deplorable, hunger and thirst appealing with irresistible force.

It had been our intention to steal into the city under cover of the night, but from our position of vantage we could see that some religious service was in progress, and we did not dare to move. One of the Gharlkause, accompanied by one of the Kiangsis, volunteered to cross the open space and enter the city in search of food. With fearful hearts we saw them depart, and half dead with cold and exposure waited in silence for two long hours, when we breathed a sigh of involuntary relief as they reappeared with several loaves of bread and two large pieces of yak meat, which they had been able to secure from a deserted hut. The reports which they brought of the condition of the town were far from reassuring. The natives were engaged in a week's religious orgy; should we dare to enter the city our presence would be immediately detected, and with their fierce and vindictive natures fed on the fires of religious frenzy our instant fate

would be assured. For another half hour our guides crawled out onto the plain, and returned with the information that they had discovered a considerable cave in the hillside to the left of the town, which would screen us from observation, and at the same time permit us to watch the movements of those inside the walls.

Cautiously we crawled along for what seemed to be ages of time, until one of our guides pointed to a narrow opening ahead, just sufficient to admit a man in a stooping position. With a sigh of relief we entered, and with thankful hearts feasted on the yak meat and the bread. Fearful and watchful we remained all night, like wild beasts pursued by some unknown terror.

Next morning the religious festival which we had witnessed the night before was still in progress, and we were about to venture forth to secure a better view, when we were hurried back by the unnerving spectacle of a long procession approaching in our direction, beating drums and tom-toms and led by a dozen filthy looking priests. They halted for a few minutes, and then having re-formed commenced the ascent of the hilly slope where we were concealed. Onward still they came, the priests chanting in dolorous voices while the horde following took up the wild refrain until the din was simply indescribable. If we had entertained hopes that they were bound elsewhere, we were doomed to disappointment, for they were now scarcely thirty yards away and approaching the cave entrance.

We had just time to retire from our position and clamber up a steep ascent at one side of the cave, to a place of concealment, when the leaders of the procession entered the narrow orifice, and halted while torches were being lit to guide their passage through the gathering gloom. Following them

pressed forward the unkempt crew, until the interior of the dome-shaped cave was filled to the point of suffocation.

For half an hour the ear-torturing strife of discord waxed louder every moment, until a thousand devils in human form flitted beneath the sepulchral glare of flickering torches, like a weird and supernatural picture of another world. A frenzied enthusiast would leap into the air, frothing at the mouth, carried away by the sanguinary and fanatical spirit of the moment, and lacerating himself with a knife.

Suddenly from out the compact mass rose a howl of mingled anguish and fury. At the farther end of the amphitheatre was a short raised platform, upon which a solitary individual was mounting, evidently one of the chief priests. Having made the ascent, he stretched forth his hand. Instantly there was silence,—the silence of a thousand human beings who but one short moment before had been a yelling horde of demons.

The torches gave out an unwonted flicker, and peering through the gloom we could see that five others of similar appearance had followed him onto the platform of raised earth. The same deathlike stillness pervaded the awe-stricken multitude.

Heretofore the farther end of the cave, where the platform was erected, had been somewhat obscured; but at a signal from one of the priests a dozen natives stepped forward with lighted torches, and mounting the elevated space arranged themselves in a circular group on either edge. The glaring beacons penetrating the surrounding gloom discovered a huge recess in the wall, at the rear of which could be seen the distorted form of a gigantic image,—a stony, impassive figure of such grotesque ugliness that with all their barbarous and fanatical natures one could not help wondering how any race of

people, however unenlightened, could bring themselves to worship an object of such repulsiveness.

Suddenly there was a stir amidst the group of priests on the platform, and from the dark cranny, in which the leering image stood, a newcomer, a man of admirable proportions, not so tall as powerful and patriarchal looking, descended. He advanced rapidly forward, loosening his ragged garments as he came, until he was naked, save a small cloth girdled round the loins. As he turned toward the stone image and raised his hand, the group of worshipers ceased their turmoil and fell prostrate to the ground, meanwhile keeping up an incessant groaning. Toward this grotesque, incongruous, inanimate piece of carved stone the eyes of all were turned in adoration. For a time the prostrated horde lay bowed to the floor in prayer, until a quickly discernible stir and show of interest gave evidence that some moment of extraordinary interest was at hand. Quietly, and unobserved, a dozen men had been carrying immense armfuls of wood onto the platform and placing them before the stone image.

Soon the full import of this movement was apparent. Here before our eyes was to take place one of those barbarous human sacrifices of which we had heard rumors at Gharlkau. It did not take long to confirm our suspicions, for quietly and without a murmur of any kind half a dozen newcomers had mounted the elevated space, naked and bound with cords,—the intended victims of the bloody carnival which was to follow.

At last the fearful moment arrived. With hardly a moment's intermission victim after victim was hurried forward. They were either possessed of the full amount of native stoicism, or else reduced to an unknowing stupor, for without a tremor or the faintest at-

tempt at struggling they were stretched on the sacrificial altar, stabbed to the heart, and tossed to the flames.

We sank back stunned and overpowered, unable to move or breathe, paralyzed by the horrible nightmare through which we had just passed. In a moment, hardly before the hideous spectacle was finished, the very beings who but one short moment before had been gazing on untold suffering and agony were stalking forth happy and contented.

Never can the memory of that long day of suffering on the second day of September fade from my memory. Only a hundred feet away was a wealth of water and food in abundance; but between us and those was placed an impenetrable barrier of danger. How we suffered during that long day we ourselves can but know. At last night fell, and the Kiangsi and Gharlkauese once more stole into the village. For a long time we waited their return, and then gave them up as lost; but in another half hour they crawled into our midst covered with blood and dirt. They had entered the village easily enough, but had been detected by a couple of natives, who had immediately sought to give the alarm. Upon these latter they had sprung before they could succeed in their purpose, and having killed both had been able to find some provisions in a small hut, of which they had brought as much as they could.

It was now no time for indecision; we were confronted by an emergency which left no room for possible doubt. If we waited until the following night the bodies of the natives would be discovered, a search would ensue, the tracks of the two scouts in the fresh soil would be traced, and the inevitable ending was horrible to think of. There were yet four hours before dawn, and having roused the others we stole forth

weary and bedraggled, half crazy and mumbling like madmen with mingled dread and desire, and as the first tinge of the radiant orb of day shot up from behind the mountains no trace of the Chite city was in view. With stumbling and fierce determination we groped our way along on our return journey until nightfall again, each moment expecting to hear the shouts of the avenging horde behind us,—on through the gloomy forest which we had passed once before, where we hid ourselves like wild beasts of prey seeking refuge from the hunter, nourishing our famished bodies and quenching our parched throats as best we could, until nature had been satisfied, and then for the first time for days we fell into undisturbed and heavy slumber. The fourth and fifth days passed without incident, as

with eager steps we blindly plunged over the path which we had been traversing a short week before. Soon familiar sights once more came into view; the untamed waste of mountain summits gradually softened into a landscape of a milder nature; streams grew more frequent, with consequent evidences of cultivation; and finally on the 7th of September we reached Gharlkau, where we were received by our crew and the natives with the prodigality of fervour extended to men who have risen from their graves. In another three days we were completely restored from the fatigue and exhaustion incident to the stirring events through which we had passed, and with danger for the time being removed were enabled to proceed in tabulating the scientific data we had collected.

JOY ABIDETH STILL

No more shall mortal eyes behold thy face
Lit with the radiance of a love-light rare;
And human passion must not urge in prayer
A glimpse of thee for one brief moment's space.
Thou can'st not leave thy far exalted place
To lay thy hand across the brow of care;
Nor can a human message reach thee, where
Thine earthly shape takes on etherial grace.
Throughout the years some joy abideth still,
Since 'tis not sin for dreams to visit thee;
When sleep prevails, then thou dost come again;
My lips beneath thy kisses burn and thrill
Just as of old, ere thou wert lost to me;
Then Heaven is mine; gone every grief and pain.

Clarence H. Urner

REMINISCENCES OF ALVAN CLARKE

By Loring W. Puffer

I FIRST met Alvan Clarke, the great American lens maker, about 1862-3.

I was the owner of a French three-inch refracting telescope and desired it re-worked. Calling at the unpretending manufactory at Cambridgeport, I was pleasantly received by Mr. Clarke, and in an hour's interview, first became acquainted with the world's greatest lens-maker and his two sons. This delightful acquaintance was continued and ended only with their lives. The United States at this time was in the midst of the rebellion, and all of the people were deeply moved. Mr. Clark stated that he had just lost the sale of his, then, largest lens, by the action of the southern states, and he did not know whether he was worth a dollar or not, but was not despondent. He was rapidly becoming famous. His largest lens had shown, for the first time in recorded history, the companion of Sirius, and his modesty, simplicity, earnestness, and what appeared to be a quiet confidence in his ability to do work well, made an impression on me that time has never effaced. He showed me many letters from the greatest astronomers of the old and new world, in which the writers set forth the merits of Clark's instruments in glowing language of eulogy. Yet he made no comments, accepting the statements set forth as only truthful, and with a mien that was truly charming.

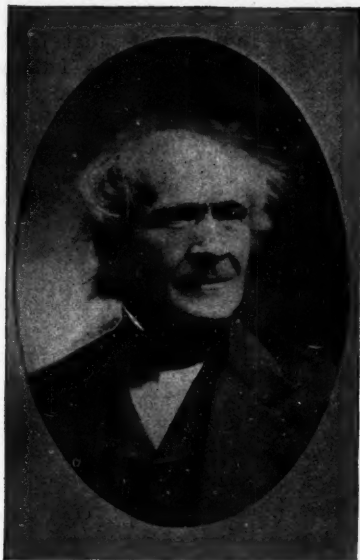
The conversation of the father and the sons, on science, was that of brothers. There did not seem to be any antagonism in theory or its expression. There was an apparent con-

census of opinion, and it mattered little who spoke for the firm.

I visited Doctor Clarke about every other year until his death. He was an enthusiastic horticulturist, had a fine garden, and during our long talks I spent much of the time in replies to his questions on flowers, fruit and fruit culture. He was the most unpretending man I ever met, and in his special vocation, the wisest in the world, I think, at the time of his death. He seemed to be the very embodiment of truth. This question, I think, will recur to most people, "What qualities did he possess that made him the foremost lens-maker in the world?" My answer would be that it was largely due to a marvellous power in detecting the slightest shades in colors. He was a natural mechanic, and, no doubt, saw things with a perfect vision, a gift possessed by few mortals. If any man could possess celestial sight, it would be such a man as I think Alvan Clarke was.

His conversation was almost wholly interrogatory, at least with me, and I have often wondered if it was so with others. I think it must have been. The last time but one I met him, after a brief greeting, he said: "If a man die, shall he live again? Why not?" And after a little while he continued: "I've been thinking about that a great deal lately, and yesterday at noon I made the same remark to some of my workmen, and one of them, a Swede, said, 'I hope not.' " At this interview he talked of little else, and the inference I drew was, that on this, the most important subject that ever faced man,

ALVIN CLARKE



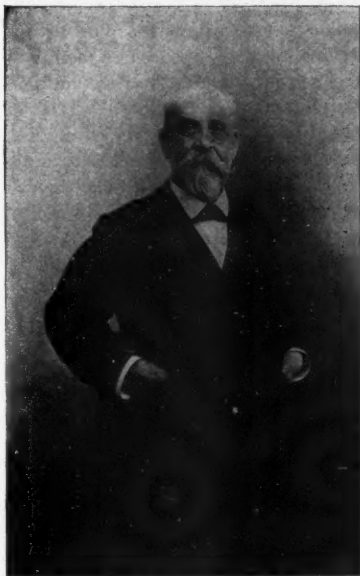
he was getting data to support a belief that he desired to determine in the same manner as a problem in science.

Looking at his modest dwelling in Cambridge, it could be truthfully said: "There lives one of the greatest men that this or any century has produced." In fact, the world does not yet know how great Alvin Clarke was. The burning problems before the world always seemed to be in his mind for solution. I recall one that, to him, seemed important because of local interest. He was a great reader and thinker, and stated to me some fifteen years ago, that on a recent visit to his birthplace he had counted sixty-four cellar holes, where, when he was a boy, there had been dwellings occupied. He was interested to know what it indicated. Whether it was common in other towns, and whether it did not mean depopulation of the country as he knew it, and a rapid increase in the size of cities. The ques-

tion of immigration was often introduced, and his opinions quietly but firmly expressed. As might be supposed, he was loyal and patriotic, believing in the dominating influence of the Plymouth colony on the destinies of the world, he being a descendant of Clark, of the Mayflower.

I called upon Mr. Clarke at his workshop, one pleasant day in January, some fifteen years ago. The thermometer indicated that day not more than fifteen degrees above zero. We were some time talking about fruit, a favorite theme with him, and he asked me to go into the garden adjoining to see a tree. He walked out without hat or overcoat, and on my remonstrating with him on what I considered a want of personal care, suggesting that his life was of great value, he promptly asked me this question: "Do you remember what the Duke of Wellington said to one of his generals after the battle of Waterloo?" and then contin-

ALVIN G. CLARKE, SON OF ALVIN CLARKE



ued, "It is said that after the battle, Wellington, with one or two aides, was making a personal examination of the field, when one of his generals rode up with his staff and remonstrated with the general on his exposure without a proper escort, as his services were of great value to the world. His reply was: 'It is of no consequence; the victory is won.'" The inference that I drew was that he considered his own work in the realms of science nearly completed, a prediction which his demise, a few years later, confirmed.

Alvan Clarke was born in Ashfield, Mass., March 6, 1804. He had four children—two daughters, and two sons: George Bassett Clarke, who was born in Lowell, February 14, 1827, and who died at Cambridge, January 2, 1892; and Alvan Graham Clarke, born in Fall River, Mass., July 10, 1832, and who died at Cambridge, June 9, 1897. This family were mechanics of the first grade. Even while a student at Andover, George became interested in optical work. The father and sons seemed to have a common interest in intellectual and mechanical pursuits, and about 1850 the firm of Alvan Clarke & Sons was founded. Their place of business was Cambridgeport, Mass. The unquestioned superiority of their lenses soon attracted the attention of scientists, and several large lenses were ordered and sent to Europe. Up to 1861, one of eighteen and three-fourths inches aperture was the largest then constructed, and is now located at Evanston, Ill. The construction of this glass and its result deeply stirred the astronomical world. The next advance in size was one of twenty-three inch aperture for the Princeton University. A few years after this, a lens of twenty-six inch aperture was made for the U. S. Naval Observatory at Washington.

The last time I met Mr. Clarke was on a beautiful day in June, at his residence, in an interview that lasted about two hours. This was, I think, about two years before his death. He had just painted two portraits of some friends, and the paint was then green on the canvas. He showed them with pardonable pride. That they were the work of an artist goes without saying. We talked about them a half hour, he evidently enjoying the conversation. He was an excellent talker, reminding me somewhat of Theodore Parker: free, but not effusive; succinct, forceful, intelligent and scientific, but not too technical. That morning I saw him at his best. He was in excellent spirits, for the beautiful day stimulated him, and he appeared to have forgotten his age. We conversed about the honors he had received from scientific men and societies abroad—the general and wonderful recent unfolding of knowledge in all directions, and particularly during his somewhat checkered and eventful life; the growth of the nation and its ultimate destiny as a beacon light to all the world. Positive in his statements, every sentence stood out brilliantly, showing his faith in science and in the Creator. He walked out to the street, and as he gave me his hand for the last time, with the wish always expressed for another meeting in the future, I then little thought that it was my last look on the honest, kindly face of one who had lived so much for others, who cared nothing for personal popularity, but spent his life in unfolding the wonders of the Universe in which we all live, and about which we know so little. Thus, in a comparatively few years, this father and his two sons, scarcely less distinguished, have passed away, but leaving as a memory one of the most brilliant records in scientific achievements known to man.

JONAS CLIFFORD'S BARN RAISING

By Ina Capitola Emery



ROLAND CLIFFORD presented a comical picture as he darted across the dooryard and gained a slight eminence from which he could gaze at the approaching cavalcade of neighbors. With his sturdy young legs dancing sundry impromptu figures on the hard, flinty ground and his arms moving ecstatically in the air he demonstrated an uproarious welcome as he shouted, "Here comes the folks, father."

His checked trousers were tucked into his boots, which were heavily creased in rolls from rough usage in all kinds of weather, and owing to the demoralized condition of the crown of his sun-browned hat, a stray lock of tawny hair waved defiantly in the breeze. But his general appearance did not engage his attention as he rushed down the road in reckless haste, presenting a picture which would have done credit to the most approved bill-poster.

One by one the teams rolled into the yard, and the horses as if by a tacit agreement, were hitched on one side, next the house, while the ox-teams were gathered together on the opposite side.

"We're all here, Mirandy," exclaimed motherly Mrs Gibbens as she alighted from the ox-cart without assistance and advanced to embrace her hostess, whose matronly figure filled the doorway.

"I see you be," returned Mrs. Clifford, adding, "Look's if that barn'd get

raised if mortal hands can do it. Come right in this way and take your things off. Well! Mary Jones, if this ain't you, and who'd er' thought it? Must be twenty years sense you set foot in this house. My stars, but I can't believe my eyes yet. And 'Lizabeth Watkins," she exclaimed, smothering the latter in her arms. "I was so afraid you'd not get here. But you've come, I see," she added, as she took her bonnet from her with alacrity. With the bonnet strings hanging across her arm Mrs. Clifford rushed to the nearest window on hearing a familiar voice, and exclaimed, "There's Uncle Bill Jones as sure as I'm alive. Come right in, Uncle Bill. Glad to see you, to be sure. You won't need to get very near the fire to-day, for your face is as red as a beet. Just sit right down here and make yourself to home," she concluded, as she bustled back into the sitting-room and deposited the bonnet on the top of the bureau. "And how are you all?" she asked with a beaming face as she watched Mary Curtis re-arranging her bangs before the little glass above the table. You all managed to get here betimes. It's a good day, only a little warmer than we would have ordered, but it won't matter greatly. It won't take 'em long to raise that barn when all the strong shoulders get together to give a lift," she added, setting the chairs to right.

Before the wooden pile each man stopped and then smacked his lips as he pronounced it good cider. Then with one accord, the men, with braces, pulleys, and other implements set to work. The massive framework ascend-

ed gradually to its position on the heavy beams, when the men pulled and strained while others put in the great pins, fastening the one side, and when this was done they rushed with all haste to the other side. "Hist! Slant her a little," came in exciting tones. "Lift a leetle this way," said the boss carpenter as he bent his scrutinizing gaze upon the swaying structure and motioned with his hand in the direction it should go. "Up she goes, once more, boys," he called, waving his arms frantically in the air. The young men standing in the barn-yard watched with open-mouthed eagerness the huge beams as they came nearer and nearer, as the coupling pins were inserted and the two cross-bars were joined.

Not a word was spoken by the women, even the needles stopped, and the only sound breaking the stillness was the slow creaking of the beams and the rafters or the cackling of the hens; but at last a great shout rent the air as cheer after cheer went up, when the last rafter stood firm and the great work was done. The women folks clapped and cheered while their tongues resumed their natural bent, as the men gathered around the great jugs of cider, which was passed around in dippers; and after drinking each man passed it on to the next one. Some drew out their red bandannas and mopped their faces while others made their way to the log beside the barn, where rested ten new tin basins, and a general washup followed. The men dipped the water in their broad hands and splashed it over their faces as they rubbed vigorously. Then taking small combs from their vest pockets, they stood in front of the little mirror and arranged their thin stray locks.

After much bantering and joking, the men made their way toward the house where they were soon seated at the long tables extending across the yellow

painted floor of the kitchen. The wash-boiler emitted steam as great loaves of brown bread were drawn out steaming hot, while the oven held great pots of baked beans. Jim Riddle at one end of the table, with a red face and redder hair, wore a checked shirt with patches of new cloth and was minus a tie. His head was dropped forward and he awkwardly endeavored to find a place for his hands. Then Jean Bigelow with his genial face bathed in smiles kept the room in uproar as he told his jokes; no one appreciating them more or laughing louder than himself. His mouth would be wide open as he finished, and his eyes screwed up, while his sides would shake with laughter. At last the merry meal was over; the plates changed and the women folks took their turn. Then came the washing dishes. All took a hand, and gossiped, talked and laughed as the dishes rattled. Then the leaves were removed from the table and the chairs returned to the several rooms in which they belonged. The young mothers took their little ones off, and from the bedrooms came the faint "bye, bye-low baby," as they endeavored to woo the infants to nod land, while the screams coming from the parlor bed-room told only too plainly of the futile efforts of putting Charlie Murphy to sleep.

A dozen or more ladies had gathered in the sitting-room where every rocker was doing duty. Here the needles kept tally, as the latest bit of gossip about the scandal concerning the minister's wife to the new styled trimming worn by Miss Filisbling was having full play.

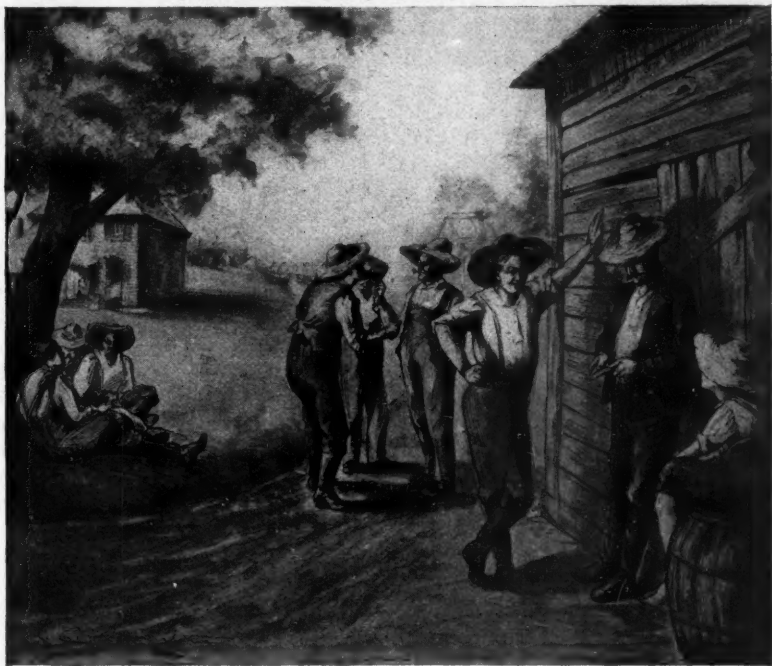
It was beneath the grape arbor that a party of half-grown boys and girls were giggling and chattering like magpies, while off in the orchard fluttered the ribbons of the girls who sauntered in their stiffly starched muslins beside the young hopefuls of the town. One

more daring couple than the others had seated themselves on the stone wall. The young man wore store clothes and in his hand he held a straw with which he tickled the chin of the fair maid at his side. She raised her hand in protest, but her "don't" came so faintly as to leave the birds in the branches above them undisturbed.

Several leaned up against the corn-crib, and one man stood nervously digging a hole in the ground with the toe of his shoe. Others stood around puffing at their long-stemmed pipes.

Farmer Clifford closed the door of the barn, walking beside Jim Riddle. "And yer can't beat that pair er steers in this part of the country. A hun"

"And yer can't beat that pair er steers in this part of the country"



But the most interesting group of all was the men in their various attitudes. All Syncapore seemed to have turned out to help raise Jonas Clifford's barn. It was a genuine holiday and so accepted. A dozen or more lounged on the terrace, half leaning on one knee or lying prostrate on the ground while the others sat upright telling stories. One stood leaning against the cow barn, whittling away with a broad jack-knife.

dred won't buy 'em. Give me a hundred and five and they are yours," he added as they made their way between the wagons which filled the broad doorway.

The July sun had been oppressive during the morning hours, but now it was growing cooler. Wee tots ran hither and yon, chasing the hens or endeavoring to catch the butterflies. The sun had crept to the edge of the

front of the house; it's halo of glory spread over the deep forest beside which was visible the broad turkey strip, with its parched ledges patched here and there with grass. Just below in the valley grazed the cows. A single cow-bell tinkled from the distance. To the left murmured the brook with its unceasing music, while above rolled the clouds, across whose filmy whiteness was reflected the crimson rays of the sun, for this plain but substantial farmhouse was pleasantly situated at the top of a steep incline, but encompassed by higher hills rising from the valley below. A calm pervaded the air broken mostly by the singing of a mosquito or the buzzing of the bees.

Across one side of the piazza grew a honey-suckle vine, climbing along white strings drawn in zig-zag fashion. Beside these fragrant blossoms sat two old ladies. Mrs. Coleman, now past her ninetieth birthday, sat stiffly in a high-backed chair. Her snowy white hair was thin and combed low over her forehead. Her black-and-white print was relieved by a white muslin kerchief crossing her bosom. Cloth slippers encased her large feet, which were set firmly on the piazza, and in her hand she held a gray woolen sock. She paid but little attention to her knitting as her needles flew back and forth. Her voice was strong and steady, while her companion, Mrs. Elizabeth Perkins, spoke in quick, low tones. Mrs. Perkins was small and fragile in appearance. Her eighty-seven years had withered her frame and the skin was drawn tightly across her temples, yet her few locks of hair, drawn straight back and parted in the middle, were only slightly tinged with gray. Her black alpaca told of her widowhood. A narrow apron edged with hand-knitted lace held her two small hands, which she moved nervously.

Unobserved a young woman took a seat on the top step almost at their feet, and was interestedly watching the clouds, when old Mrs. Coleman spoke, "It's nigh on to thirty year since we've met. Strange how time does slip by. You were not so feeble then Elizabeth, but we both ought to be thankful to know that we still have our senses and can get around. Now I, for one, feel that the day is not far distant when the Lord will call me into His vineyard and I am only praying that I may keep my senses to the last. We've both had our pleasures in life and reared our families." Then she paused, finally adding, "I forgot, Elizabeth, your family was reared before you took it. Well, John was kind and good to you, they tell me, and now all'er his girls and boys are married, and you are alone—same as I be. We little thought that thirty years could pass and we living in adjoining towns and never see one another in all them years," she continued. "But them days in the little brown school house was happy days. We thought we knew it all, and now seventy and more years have passed and we know we have just learned the A, B, C's of life."

"You were a handsome girl, Jule Coleman," spoke Mrs. Elizabeth Perkins, "and it didn't need anybody to tell you that, either. You remember, Jule, the term Lorenzo Moxley taught down in our district?"

"Guess I do," replied Mrs. Coleman, "You and sixteen others set a sight by him," and she even allowed her knitting to drop as she laughed and looked at Mrs. Perkins.

"Now, Jule," she interrupted, "It wasn't me that interested him, and you know it. That was the summer I had Samantha Allen down with me. She didn't learn much, but said it was a good way to pass the time. But I never shall forget one night. How

"One more daring couple than the others had seated themselves on the stone wall"



mad I did get over her. Samantha was a nice girl and I knew it, but she would keep everything to herself," she said, with a nod of her slight head. "It was a cold night and still snowing on top of three feet which was already frozen, and we were piling wood into the stove to keep warm when there came a knock at the door. I opened it and there stood Lorenzo Moxley."

"'Good evening, 'Liza,' he said as he

walked up to the stove. Then he took off his buckskin gloves and chafed his hands.

"'Won't you have a seat?' says I.

"'No, thank you,' says he, as he turned to father and asked about the new town hall which was under way. Then turning to me he says, 'Quite a snow-storm, and I guess this is about the last. I thought it was too bad to go without a sleigh-ride so I bundled up

and am here. Jove, but it makes a fellow want to spin through the air and draw his tippet closer," says he, as he looked anxiously toward the sitting-room door.

"I was just finishing up the supper dishes when he came in, but I washed and wiped my hands and slipped in and got a clean apron, but when he finished speaking I took the dipper to fill the tea kettle, for I knew he was going to ask me to take a sleigh ride, and I didn't want him to think I was just hanging as by a thread. I had just lifted the cover off the tea-kettle when the sitting-room door opened, and there stood Samantha, with her coat on and a shawl thrown over that. She had on a pink nubia, with sparkling beads all over the front, and her cheeks were rosy.

"I just stood with my dipper in my hand, but didn't say a word. Lorenzo had drawn on his gloves and stood buttoning up his coat. I shall never forget how he looked that night as he stood straight as an arrow. He had his hand on the latch, when he turned and, says he, 'I s'pose 'tain't no use to ask you to go along, 'Liza?' and quick as a flash—and I was quick them days—I drew myself erect and says I, 'no, thank

you, I wouldn't go, anyhow.' But do you know," and she spoke slowly, "I went to bed and cried all night long."

There was an impressive pause as Elizabeth Perkins cleared her throat. Then in a subdued voice she said, "But he never married Samantha Allen after all. I never heard why, did you, Jule?"

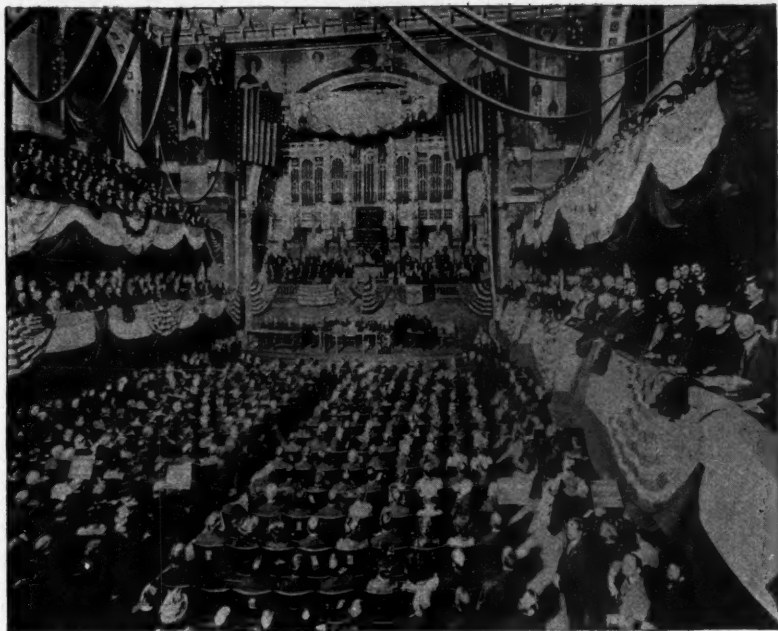
"No, I never did," she replied, "but I always said I'd like to know, for there was something strange about it."

"Well," interrupted the sweet voice of the young woman at their feet, "I don't know why he didn't marry Samantha, but I do know now why he was indignant because my mother would not name me, his grandchild, Samantha." Then she watched them start nervously. Mrs. Coleman looked at Elizabeth Perkins, and Elizabeth Perkins looked at old lady Coleman.

"Well, this be the strangest happening I ever knew," said Mrs. Perkins. "Here I ain't spoken Lorenzo Moxley's name for more'n seventy years." Then she bent her head and murmured, "Who'd ever thought it!" and into her eyes there crept a softer light as she took her hand. Yes, the hand of his grandchild, and he the love of her youth more than seventy years ago.



THE COUNCIL ASSEMBLED IN TREMONT TEMPLE



SECOND INTERNATIONAL CONGREGATIONAL COUNCIL

By Maitland Leroy Osborne



HERE was a fine appropriateness observed in the holding of this great gathering at Boston—the center of interest for the Congregationalists of America, and the source from which Congregationalism has gone out into all our broad land. No place is so rich in historic associations of the sect; and aside from the spot where they first set foot on the soil of the new world, none so dear to the hearts of the multitude of those who—since the landing of the

Pilgrims at Plymouth in 1620—have exerted such a compelling and widespread influence on our national life.

It has been said that Boston was not planned—it grew. But however crooked may have been the cow-paths and cart-paths which outlined the first streets, its citizens have from the earliest days striven toward a high ideal in the establishment of schools and churches; and notable among the latter are those of the Congregational denomination, forming an integral part of the city's growth, and surrounded with an atmosphere of great historic interest.

When the Congregationalists came,

PARK STREET CHURCH, BOSTON (Brimstone Corner)



From an etching made in 1810

they brought to the new world a message of hope and assurance, and an animating conviction that sympathetic and equitable relations should exist between all men. Their religion has been eminently practical in its application to the exigencies of national life; and any policy dictated by motives of greed, or evincing a disregard for the rights of others, has in them a powerful and an unswerving opponent.

Believing strongly in the sovereign duty of missionary work, in preaching faithfully and fearlessly the Gospel to all men, and that man's errand on earth is sublimer than the angels, vast results for good have been achieved by them in all lands, trending ever toward their end in view—a redeemed society; and forming a vital bond of unity between their churches throughout the world.

To the gathering at Boston, the first world's council of Congregationalists ever assembled in America, came delegates from every continent, and from the dark realms of the uttermost parts of the earth, where messengers have

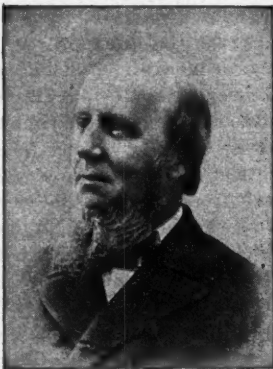
been sent to carry the light of civilization and the Word of God. From every part of America they came—from Great Britain, Australia, Japan, Hawaii, Africa, India, Turkey, China, Micronesia and Mexico.

The first international council, held in London in July, 1891, did much to strengthen the fraternal relations existing between the Congregationalists of Great Britain and the United States, and now the city which was the heart of the first of the British colonies has opened wide its doors to the delegates from the American provinces of Great Britain. Rev. A. J. Griffith, chairman of the New South Wales Congregational Union, came to this council authorized to convey an invitation to the international committee, inviting that body to meet next in the city of Sydney, New South Wales. What a great triumvirate of world-separated cities—London, Boston, Sydney! Hardly a more significant circumstance could be conceived as showing the strength and world-wide importance of a society.

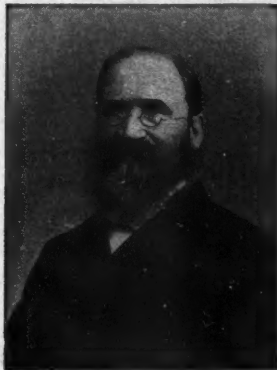
THE CONGREGATIONAL HOUSE



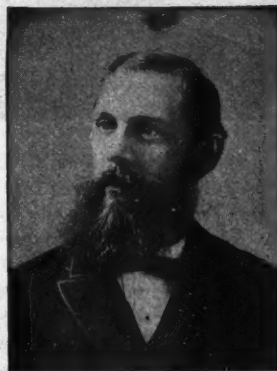
JAMES BURRILL ANGELL, LL.D.
President of the International Council



ANDREW M. FAIRBAIRN, D.D., LL.D.
Preacher of the International Council



SAMUEL B. CAPEN
Chairman of Committees



The first international council was brought about mainly through the efforts of Drs. H. M. Dexter and A. H. Ross of America, and Dr. Alexander Hannay of England. Of these three, only Dr. Ross lived to see the culmination of their labors. During the session of eight days' duration many subjects of vast importance along the lines of theological thought and endeavor were considered and discussed, and a satisfactory solution of many vexed problems attained. Among the more than three hundred delegates from all over the world, those from America occupied a conspicuous place in the deliberations of the council, and the recent meeting in America was the natural outgrowth of the one at London; the general opinion at the former council being that Boston was the proper city in which to hold the next international gathering. Mr. Samuel B. Capen voiced informally the desire of the American Congregationalists to reciprocate the generous hospitality they had received, and a committee of fifteen was duly appointed, representing America, Great Britain and the colonies.

The matter was further considered at the meeting of the National Council in Minneapolis in 1892, and again at Syracuse in 1895—when a committee was appointed to make the necessary preliminary arrangements which resulted in the recent event of national and international interest and importance, known as the Second International Congregational Council. Mr. Capen was chosen chairman of the general committee of arrangements, of the executive committee, and of the com-

PLYMOUTH ROCK



mittee of the Congregational Club, under whose auspices the visiting delegates were entertained; and to his untiring efforts and those of the gentlemen, both ministers and laymen, composing the various committees, are due the credit for the careful preparation and thoughtful hospitality which made the recent gathering such a pronounced success in every essential particular, and left indelibly impressed on the minds of the visiting delegates from every quarter of the globe a pleasant and abiding sense of the cordiality and hospitality of their American hosts.

The first meeting of the council opened in Tremont Temple on Wednesday, September 20, with an address of welcome on behalf of the committee of arrangements by Samuel Billings Capen, M. A., chairman. At the evening session were addresses by His Excellency the Governor of the Commonwealth, Roger Wolcott, LL.

D.; and His Honor the Mayor of the City of Boston, Josiah Quincy.

The decorations of the council hall were a notable feature. The central motif of the design appeared to be an Anglo-American alliance, with a tone of friendliness toward all nations. The principal figure at the back of the stage was "Old Glory" and the union jack entwined, the decorator very opportunely remembering to have the real English flag there, and not the commercial flag used by merchant vessels. Around the gallery were draped the flags of all the powers, even the red and yellow of Spain having not merely a place, but a place of honor, in the middle of one gallery.

Throughout the ten days' sessions of the council very large audiences were present, despite the fact that the programme was entirely made up of topics more or less distinctively theological. It appeared, however, as the session went on, that it was theology of a popular sort and fully comprehended by the great audiences.

The council was the largest and most representative gathering of Congregationalists ever assembled. On the opening day the thousand tickets issued for ministers had all been called for, and a large number who arrived later were unable to secure entrance privileges.

The character, aim and belief of Congregationalism were most adequately expressed in the discourses and discussions, the dominant key-note being devotion to the ever-living Saviour of the world. The preparation was carefully deliberated in the choice of speakers and of subjects, and no speaker appeared to avoid any question of general interest to Christian students, nor evinced any sensitiveness to the danger of disturbing the unity of feeling by referring to topics which have been in controversy. It was con-

stantly evident that the themes of most paramount interest to the people at large were uppermost in the minds of the speakers, and in the addresses and discussions Christian principles were applied to the solution of vexed social problems, to the affairs of the nation, and to international relations—evincing a deep sense of the church's responsibility for the welfare of humanity and the common rights of civilization and freedom for all peoples.

The council showed that the current trend of the denomination is toward a simplification of theology and its unification with the realms of science, social and civic life.

The vast audiences, in which the large majority were men, which crowded Tremont Temple when distinctly theological themes were announced, show that interest is not waning in the consideration of man's relations with God. The position stated by President Angell in his address was plainly the position of the council, that the denomination is to be comprehensive in its membership—not exclusive. There is room within it for full freedom in investigating all religious questions and for wide diversity of opinions, if only there is maintained supreme loyalty to the Saviour. But in respect to questions which have re-

cently made lines of separation in this, as in other denominations, the period of controversy among Congregationalists is past, if we may judge by the temper of the gathering.

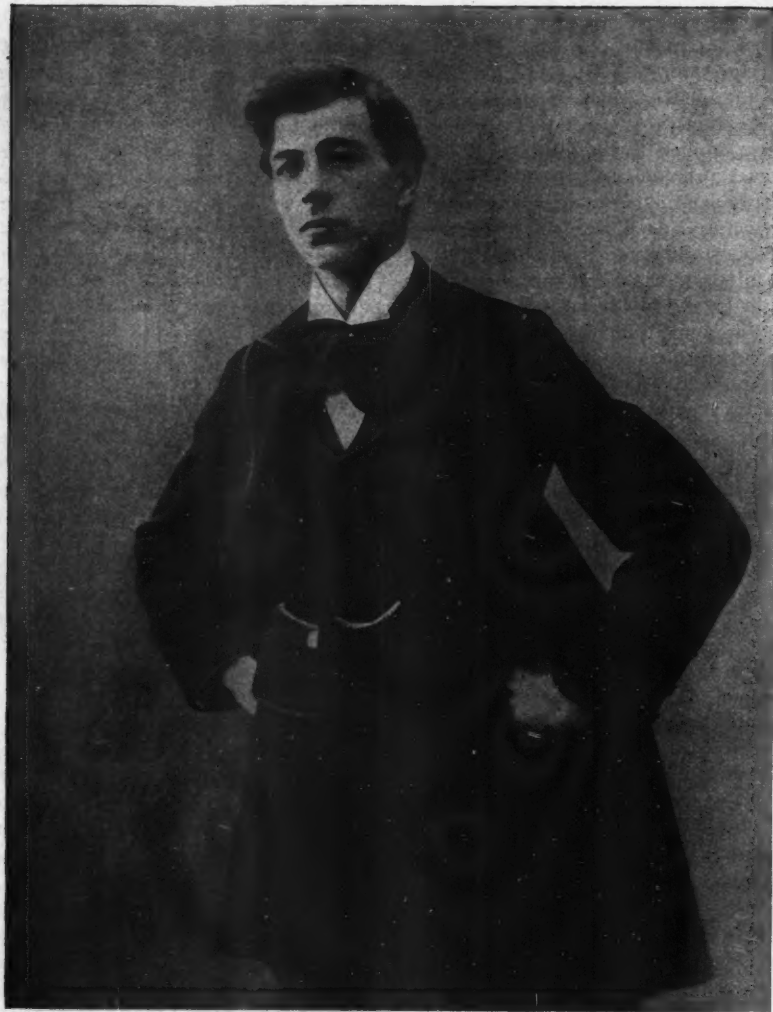
There are no men in the denomination more representative than those chosen to speak the thought of Congregationalism in this council, and others as widely representative heard them with enthusiastic assent. There are, no doubt, those who differ from some of their conclusions. But none will deny that these men faithfully represent Congregationalism as it is to-day.

The numerous receptions tendered to the delegates, and the daily excursions to places of historic interest by rail, trolley and tally-ho were especially pleasing incidents of the social side of the gathering.

The Second International Congregational Council, by bringing together the representative minds of the denomination and affording opportunity for free discussion and presentation of ideas, will undoubtedly do much to strengthen and unify the efforts of their laborers in all lands, and the more than four hundred delegates returned to their widely separated homes refreshed and uplifted, and with the pleasantest memories of the occasion.



WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE



OBSERVATIONS ON A LATE ESSAYIST

By Frank Putnam

DURING the current year, in June, an American man of letters passed out of the shadow of long illness into the silence of death. And oddly

enough, considering the value of his contribution to American letters, he passed unnoticed. He did his work principally in New York and Boston,

the centers of American pharisaism, and he was not a pharisee; perhaps this explains the silence.

Of his career I know little, save from distant hearsay. I am told that he died in young manhood, leaving a sorely-stricken wife and a weeson; that his one published volume brought him little profit, and that he sturdily refused to coin his convictions into money, though he did not escape some share of the bread-drudgery which society sagely believes is necessary to the fullest development of the genius that is to be its crown of glory as a society. His book is named "Meditations In Motley," with the sub-title, "A Bundle of Papers Imbued With the Sobriety of Midnight." Upon a fly-leaf of the volume before me, the author made, in August, 1897, this notation: "The remnant of this edition (150 copies) for sale only by the author, at 71 East 118th Street, New York." The present address of his widow, who presumably has the few remaining copies of the "Meditations," copies which discriminating book collectors will in due season eagerly seek out, is 316 West 119th Street, New York.

Praise of these essays is superfluous—they are secure. Far-seeing and free spoken, courageous and individual, they take us into the confidences of a man very well worth knowing. There is no odor of sanctity in them. They have a flavor of cynicism—not carping, but a sound cynicism. It is the satire that corrects. They are wise and they

are entertaining—lighted with a fine, keen humor. I can think of no other essays cast in like mould, informed by a kindred spirit, the product of an American. In at least one book room devoted to tobacco and the lamp, Harte's work stands shoulder to shoulder with the volumes that represent Montaigne, and Lamb, and Goldsmith, and Addison, and one or two others. He steps into that rank naturally, and maintains it well.

Now that fiction is made by machinery, and poetry—so called—is the elegant accomplishment of the literary dilettante, or the easy money side line of the hack, rather than the vehicle of furnace-proven thought and of emotion outpouring spontaneously, I find myself turning more and more to the serene company of the unhurried essayists—not the later-day folk, coldly calculating; penning polite platitudes while the publishers look over their shoulders, but the unwise, unworldly men, chuckling or sighing as they utter the humors that flow upward from their hearts.

Like Elia, Harte seemed born out of his time—a hundred years late, say. The elegancies of style are his, and the aristocracy of spiritual culture; and had he been willing to cater to the passing madness of the mob, doubtless his works would have been many and his earnings large. But he was original and independent in his thought, and that is a crime not readily forgiven by this world.

Chicago, September, 1899.



TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE, PAESTUM



A TRIP FOR THREE

By Mary M. Mears

III.



I COULD add something to Baedeker's statement concerning the mean temperature of Venice in April, but I will merely remark that it was slightly damp and chilly during our stay there. Damp, said I! There was not a dry spot anywhere. The marble palaces dripped and the posts in front of them, which resembled barber poles, had their heraldic colors brightened by rivulets of rain. The pigeons in the piazza of St. Mark were woefully bedrabbled, and from the window of our hotel, we looked out on the saddest expense of water I have ever seen—the Grand Canal, all gray and rumbled up and pricked by the rain as by a million pronged fork. The gondoliers went leaning by on the end of their slim black crafts in oil

skins, and we shivered dismally and wrote home on musty note paper.

But it was not of this Venice that we wrote, but of the Venice that we now and then caught off guard, when the sun came out and bathed her marbles and her stones and her lagoons, and made her, in reality, the city of our dreams. Our first ride from the Grand Canal was a triumphal procession of the spirit. When I first set foot in a gondola, I was minded to cry "Sanctuary," for every emotion, save happiness, was crowded overboard. As saints smile a-down cathedral aisles, so smiled we down that watery highway. Our gondolier's explanation came to us like a chant set to the ripple of the water. In this palace with the arched windows and pillared balconies, Robert Browning breathed his last. We saw the memorial tablet on the wall, wet as with tears. In the second of that group of palaces on the right, Lord Byron had lived, and the

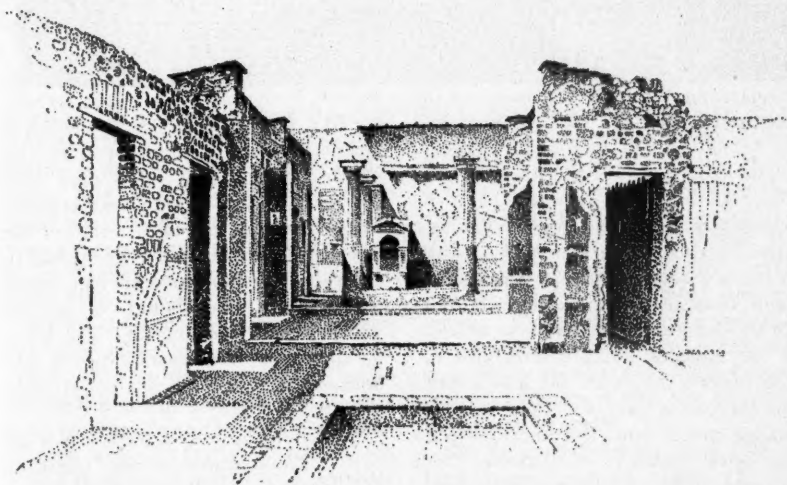
palace yonder with the little balconies was called the "House of Desdemona." Such names as Chateaubriand, George Eliot and Wagner fell softly on our ears, and ever their palaces, which were to us their monuments, sprang into view.

Passing beneath the Rialto, we encountered three priests from our hotel in Milan. They saluted us gravely and the youngest as their gondola glided past ours, tossed back a bunch of violets. We caught the glance of his half merry, half melancholy eyes. It was as though he paid tribute to the sex collectively since he was disallowed the single devotion. I fancied that I could distinguish a faint incense clinging to the violets, but it was well nigh lost in the sweetness nature gave them. In such wise, I thought, did the man with the heart of youth and love in him, dominate the priest.

Leaving the Grand Canal, we drifted down a little side lagoon into the Jewish Quarter, where the lower classes of Venice live. Here there are no palaces, but the fronts of the buildings

are beautiful because they are so patched with soil. The varying tints of the water-stain and the grime give them character. It is as if they were made up for a play, and the sun was a mighty footlight. I clapped my hands in this open air theatre, and was for landing. In the narrow streets which thread this quarter, people thronged. Old women with frousted gray locks searched the cobble stones with bleary eyes. Their backs were bent by the invisible burden of their toil and labor. And passing them close, came girls smiling, as those who wot not the meaning of age. Their limbs were strong and the curved stick placed across their shoulders with dependent copper vessels, was but a necessary ballast for so much youth and joy. The children in their scanty rags swarmed everywhere, and as we stepped out on the landing, I noticed one little fellow with a bird. He held it by the tip of the wings and the tail. This was Italy, therefore we tried to pay no heed, but a moment later, by common consent, we went back. Spy-

HOUSE OF THE TRAGIC POET, POMPEII



IN VENICE



ing the boy, I opened my purse. When instantly, out of the very paving stones, seemingly, sprang urchins of every size, each with some little captured creature. We turned away. The pretty play was like to bear a cruel stamp.

The next day we divided evenly between the picture galleries and the Cathedral. I loved this Cathedral. With its pinnacles and its domes, its mosaic-covered front, splashed with fields of pure blue and gold, with its marbles and its bronzes and its alabaster, it stands there praising God for eleven centuries of peoples. Its decorations range from the barbaric to the most refined. Over the principal portal is the ancient quadriga, probably taken from the triumphal arch of Nero, and in near-by niches are the evangelists under canopies, meek and down-looking. San Marco will awake in you a greater variety of emotions, I ween, than any other cathedral. You are solemnized by the subjects of some of the mosaics, you are exuberant before others, the stone on which John the Baptist is said to have been beheaded thrills your imagination, as do the spiral columns of alabaster from Solomon's temple, and the whole stirs

in you such depths of joy that your heart goes singing its jubilate.

Of course we ascended the Campanile, but it is the descent that most impressed itself on my mind. Had we been pursued by the arch fiend himself, we could not have fled more swiftly down the inclined plane which serves as a stair-case. Round and round the tower we went, and faster and faster came steps behind us. We were determined not to let the owner of those feet, whoever he was, catch sight of us. In all probability he was a guard, or mayhap a tourist like ourselves, but fancy painted him as a desperado, and a wild chase we had of it. We were panting when we reached the pavement. A moment later he walked forth—a woman with a Baedeker under arm, entirely self-absorbed.

Our parting with Venice had to come, for the bronze giants in the clock tower never missed a stroke on the bell, and the hot weather was coming on apace, so we must away to Naples. Going forth from Venice we built our own bridge of sighs.

But one cannot repine long in Naples. Naples where the sky and the bay are as blue as the water in a tub of a Monday morning, where the yellow houses and roads and terraces are like clothes laid out in the sun to bleach. Where life is lived in the streets, that he who wills may laugh and weep at its comedy and tragedy. Naples where the milk venders fall asleep in the highway, the peaceful centre of a group of slumbering goats, where the cab horse's head is adorned with an undignified feather, and where no donkey is so miserable but a garland of roses must swing along its bony sides.

The morning we started for Pompeii we could scarce contain ourselves for excitement. We had the compart-

ment to ourselves, and leaning far out, wished the wheels of the crazy little train would revolve faster. "The idea," said my sister, "of traveling in this fashion, anyway. We should have a team of oxen and be trundling along in a cart with solid wheels." Which suggestion was scarcely consistent with time saving. However, the day was still young when we arrived in Pompeii. Oh, the silent streets of that city of ashes, and the stiller houses that still bear pathetic hints of occupancy. Here a whole garden waits, the statues

pieces of wine jars and what not, for it was to prevent such vandalism that he was sent with us.

We ended the day sitting high in the amphitheatre. We chose our places where the humbler folk had been wont to sit, rather than in the first four tiers given over to the people of rank. Beyond us were the long blue ranges of the Appenines, also watching, with Vesuvius in their midst—like a slumbering giant whose pipe was almost out. We remarked on his impoliteness, then gave our attention to the stage,

GHETTO, VENICE



in place, the water trickling from the fountain, the sunlight making patches on the mosaic floor and on the frescoed walls, just as it did eighteen hundred years ago. It is as though the master were expected any time. One dwelling, in particular, it seemed sacrilege to enter—the "House of the Tragic Poet."

We wandered ceaselessly all that day and the instinct of the souvenir seeker grew up strong within us. The guide was wily and would speak French only upon receipt of an additional fee, otherwise he jabbered Italian. And I am afraid that it was partly in a spirit of revenge that we collected so many

for a play was on—the play of the poppies. It seemed as if they had imbibed the tragedy of the soil that grew them. A wind blew over them and they shivered and strained on their stems as if in fright. Then they pressed in the other direction, wildly tossing their petals about like garments. They scurried here and there in a perfect pandemonium—their color suggesting glowing coals hurled relentlessly, devouring flame and bloodshed under falling walls.

Sitting amidst the pieces of tufa and lava, it was easy to supply the final scene, when the whole city, glowing

with life, was encased in a smoking tomb.

My principal recollection of La Calve, where we spent the night, is of a band of peasants passing about two of the clock, and trolling right merrily. I stole to the window and looked out. Early as it was, there was a hint of the dawn and I could see them through the drifts of mist, marching arm and arm, as though for support, and waking echoes between the rows of sleeping houses. Their gaitered feet beat out the tune and their long cap feathers trailed to the wind. 'Twas of the joy of life they sang, and I doubt not, many a heart like mine along the way, took up the measure. The next day found us at Paestum. We stood, a little awed group, in a zigzagging path, looking up at the Greek ruins. In silence we listened to the movement of the flowers about us and the murmur of the sea. We were glad of these sounds, glad of this year's blossoms that grew up

to the steps of the temples and even peeped out confidently between the stones of the pediment.

There they stand in utter silence and solitude—the Basilica, Ceres and Neptune, with the blue sky and the bluer sea showing between their columns. Over their pavements dart tiny chameleons and in the tall grass surrounding them snakes glide. Otherwise they are forsaken. Massive, dignified, in absolute simplicity they stand there on the

shore of the Mediterranean, an enduring monument to the people who built them.

The temple of Neptune, although the oldest, built six hundred years before Christ, is the most beautiful and in the best state of preservation. We ate our lunch near the pile which is supposed to have been part of the sacrificial altar and we looked closely at the stone of which the temple is built. It is covered with impressions of reeds and aquatic plants, showing that at one

time it was covered by the sea. To conceal these imperfections, the builders covered the whole with white stucco in imitation of the Greek marble. But time has wiped away all trace of this slight tawdriness and sham, and left only the beautiful form—that which it was most fitting should endure. Coming away, we plucked a little flower growing beside the temple steps. Reluctantly we gained the road leading to the station. Down this

road plodded teams of oxen, the dust rising in white clouds, and in a nearby stream women washed clothes—forgetful of the heathen temples watching, inscrutably watching.

From Paestum we took the usual carriage drive to Salerne, thence to Amalfi and Sorrento, following the sea wall for a day or more. Such a stretch of color, such a wealth of unsolicited blossoms hurled into our carriage, such happy, dirty, picturesque waifs of hu-

"Solda, signorina; Signorina, solda"



manity footing it after us for miles in sunlight and shadow, such brown little fingers, twenty or more, pointing out the views for our admiration. They were ever with us, these baby beggars, bless them. Once their number grew so large—we happened to be on foot—that a party of priests, seeing our distress, descended from their carriage,

LION OF ST. MARK



and drove the whole laughing, ragged, black-eyed rabble back. They had only to lift their hands and the children fell away. It reminded me, somehow, of the scene in the opera "Don Giovanna." Only these were such innocent miscreants.

Sorrento was our last stopping place on this suburban trip. We abode there in a pension, set in the midst of an orange grove that reached down to the sea. The sea coast was all girt about

with high cliffs in which there were black caverns. We crept into one of these spaces one day and looking down to the sands below us, beheld some fishermen hauling in a net. Their trousers were rolled almost to their hips, and they moved with mechanical regularity, taking a backward step of a certain length with each haul, until

the man, furthest back, reaching the rocks, went forward. He laid hold of the rope close to the sea and the dragging continued. They looked so small down there with the heights of the cliffs behind them and before them the laugh of the sea. It was half an hour before they landed their net. It came in from the blue, filled with a floundering, gleaming mass. The scene made one think of the fishermen of Galilee.



EVOLUTION OF THE VIOLIN

By Jane Marlin

WHO is there that has not come under the fascination of a violin?

No matter whether it be the shuffling of feet in the plantation shanty of the south, or in the winter gayeties of the society ball room or the soul stirring strains of the symphony, the violin is one instrument that seems a part of human life, and nearest expresses human emotion. The history of the "fiddle"—for fiddle it is according to all authentic sources—is a matter of personal interest, not only to those who have been under the stress of scale practise and groping about on the finger board for the tones and shakes, but those who have "by ear" interpreted a melody that must be expressed as well. The love of music is after all fundamental—and the violin has in itself a degree of human interest.

An ancient legend tells us that one day as Orpheus, son of Apollo and the Muse Kalliope, was walking by the sea, trilling in soft cadence a song taught him by the celebrated teacher,

Linus, he was attracted by the sound of sweet music, which seemed but the echo of his own glorious voice. He walked along, singing, and the sound approached, as if to meet him, till finally it sang at his very feet. Glancing down, he saw the shell of a turtle, which had been cast high and dry upon the

beach and left there by the receding waves. The little thing had died and dried up so that only the sinews shrivelled to strings, and the shell remained. The dried-up sinews were tightly stretched across the hollow shell, and the wind as it listed touched the strings, causing them to vibrate over the shell sounding board and give forth the sweet, sad tones. Enchanted, he bore his treasure home and from it fashioned the viol shell, with which he ever after accompanied his voice, and the nymph, Eurydike, enchanted by its magic, became his bride. So runs the legend which gives to Orpheus the honor of inventing the violin. That the violin was in use in biblical times, is shown by the prophet Moses, who tells us that it was played before the flood, and speaks of Jubal as its inventor. Certain it is that the Hebrews had violins in use under the name of Machol, and further on in the bible we are told that during the reign of Nebuchadnezzar, violin instruments were used. Many dispute the use of the bow by the ancients, while others confirm its use; but to the poetess, Sappho, probably belongs the invention of the horsehair bow, and we are told that this gifted woman sang her ode to Aphrodite, accompanying herself on the fiddle, using it as do our violinists of to-day.



A rare old instrument



An early type of the six stringed violin



Viola da Gamba, 17th Century

The Arabs had an instrument, called the rebec, with two or three strings, and this instrument was in use all over Europe. The name fiddle, from the Latin *fides* and *fidicula*, was in use in Cicero's time for a kind of lyre, played by means of a plectrum; and in the early history of the instrument the words lyre and fiddle were used synonymously. In the old Teutonic poetry we find the name fiddle, relating to small instruments of simple construction and slight musical capacity, chiefly used in merry-makings to accompany a song or dance, and companies of professional players were often maintained by noblemen for their amusement, as were the four-and-twenty fiddlers of Etzel, in the *Nibelungenlied*. This band, richly dressed, and headed by the leaders, Werbel and Schwemel, are chosen as his messengers into Burgundy, and among the celebrated guests whom they bring back is the famous fiddler, Volker, who knew how to carry the bow and to play, as is shown in his farewell to Bechelaren, when he accompanied himself with the fiddle. Everything proves these fiddles to have been popular, and they seem to have been used by all classes, professional musicians ("*fahrende Leute*"), carrying them from place to place and fiddling for a living, while amateurs, viz: parsons and clerks, played them for their own amusement, like the parish clerk, Absolom of Chaucer, and the unfortunate parson, Ossemer, who was killed by a stroke of lightning, as he played for his parishioners on Whitsun Wednesday, 1203.

In northern Europe, especially Iceland, the *crwth* was used; this kind of violin was also known in the south of Europe under the name of *rotte*. In France it existed with three strings, as is shown by an old drawing from the eleventh century, found in the Abbey of St. Martial Limoges, now in the library of Paris. The Bishop of Poitiers, Vernance Fortunat, says, in a volume of poetry:

"Upon lyre and flute doth the Roman his praises sing,
Which the Barbarian but echoes upon the harp;
While the songs of the Greek upon the Kithara ring,
And the Britain's praises are upon the Crwth."

The *crwth* evidently forms the connecting link between the instruments of antiquity and those of modern times. In the middle ages the treatment of the performers upon stringed instruments was not respectful. They were played upon principally by itinerant musicians or strolling minstrels, and to prove the diminished respect in which they were held, one has but to consult the law books of that period in Germany to find that they were deprived of all rights and looked upon as dishonest. Their children fared even worse, for they were considered illegitimate, and were not permitted to learn a trade. At the death of these misguided followers of the fiddle and the bow, their property reverted to the state, and even when musical art entered the folds of the church, and therefore attained a much higher position, the players of stringed instruments were an unenviable class until they, worn out with rebuffs and unjust treatment, settled down in the cities and towns, and formed



Viola d'Amore, Carved Head, 14 Strings, German make



Arpeggione, or Guitar Violoncello, Six Strings

themselves into guilds for the furtherance of their beloved music.

Until the dawn of the thirteenth century, and the coming of the troubadours and their remarkable influence on literature and music, these primitive fiddles apparently sufficed for the musical world, with their compass of one octave and a half, from C to G, including the mean notes of

the female or boy's voices. Grove says: "It is the extension of the compass downward which is undoubtedly the clue to the improvements which followed, for it may be remarked that the development of musical instruments has always been from small to large and from high to low; so that the progress of song in the hands of the troubadours explains the reason why the fiddle-maker at this time strove to make his sounding box larger. An ingenious person therefore constructed the sides of the resonant box with contrary flexure, giving the contour of the instrument a wavy character like the guitar, and making a sort of waist which allowed the bridge to be at the proper height, while at the same time the capacity of the instrument in respect to size, resonance and compass was increased, and in northern Europe we have the fidel, in northern France the vielle, in southern France and Italy the viole, often spoken of as the guitar-fiddle, because it was a sort of combination guitar, hurdy-gurdy and viole. When it was picked with the fingers it was a guitar, played with the bow, a viole; set in motion by a wheel,

a hurdy-gurdy. Early in the fifteenth century came a step of the greatest importance in the construction of bowed instruments, the invention of corner blocks, an improvement following very naturally that of the waist, and giving the fiddle much greater strength and resonance. This invention was contemporaneous with the development of polyphonic choral music in Germany and the Netherlands, and probably belongs to Germany. At the commencement of the sixteenth century the treble or discant viole, the tenor, the bass-viol and double bass, or violone, were established in both these countries and in Italy. In the latter country about 1520 the violin model made its appearance, differing from the viole in having shallower sides, an arched instead of a flat back, and square shoulders, and in being constructed in all its parts of curved or arched pieces of wood, glued together in a state of tension on the blocks. The appearance of this little instrument completely revolutionized fiddle-making, causing first the discant viol, then the tenor, and, last of all, the bass viol to disappear; the double bass, a viol pure and simple, being the only one to survive the inroads made by the violin model. The substitution of the violin model for the viol is due to the louder tone of the former, and is "a survival of the loudest." Loathe to become a thing of the past, the viols tuned in fifths and octaves and supplied with sympathetic metal strings were constructed with double strings, thus increasing their power. From this family of instruments spring the



Discant Viola da Gamba, Five Strings, luteid



Viola da Braccio, German make

interesting group known as the viola d'amore and the barytone. These viols with sympathetic strings were called d'amore, not because they were especially adapted to express amorous accents, but because of the sympathetic vibration of the open metal strings, stretched over the belly, in unison

with those on the finger-board. These instruments were in favor in Italy and Germany in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The viola d'amore is a singularly beautiful instrument, but very difficult of execution, as every forte note produces a shower of concords and harmonics; and all notes not bearing a major third have to be very lightly touched.

Then came the viola da gamba, also with sympathetic strings. It was first called viola bastarda, but after many improvements in the sympathetic apparatus, it became known as the well-liked barytone, the favorite instrument of Leopold Mozart, father of the great Mozart; and of Haydn, who composed over one hundred and fifty pieces for it and loved to play upon it. So great was its popularity at one time that there were few noblemen's or gentlemen's houses without a chest containing a set of four or more gambas, of different sizes, beautifully made; either carved or inlaid with ivory or tortoise shell. In England the gamba attained a wonderful popularity and was manufactured and played there until the end of the last century, after it had been relegated to the past everywhere else. The gamba was played like the

'cello, which followed it, Sebastian Bach being the last great composer to write for the gamba. Three of his sonatas for clavier and gamba are still extant, and in his beautiful introduction to the cantata "Gottes Zeit," are three different gamba parts, combined with violins and flute, which must have produced a singular effect.

The viola de spalla, or shoulder viol, followed. It was a small bass, which could be fastened around the neck with a ribbon, and after playing, thrown back upon the shoulder. It was probably a 'cello, carried about by strolling musicians, as was the pochette, or pocket violin, sixteen inches long, and carried about by dancing teachers in their pockets. Another interesting instrument of that period is the viola pomposa, which is a small 'cello with an extra treble string, invented by Bach. The family of viola is now a thing of the past, their disuse probably arising from their being solo instruments, seldom employed in orchestra. An instrument must be in continuous use orchestrally if it is to live; its disuse there is but the forerunner of its disuse in chamber music. It is to be regretted that they are lost to us,* for they had a character entirely unique and were capable of greater development.

It is quite probable that the first true violin was made in the second half of the sixteenth century, the period of Gaspar di Salo and Andreas Amati, one of the earliest in existence being a tenor made by Zanetto the younger, of Brescia, in 1580, and it is certain that at this time



Violoncello Piccolo, Carved Head, 18th Century

violins were quite common in Brescia, Bologna and Cremona. The trade centered in the last named city, and for two centuries it was the metropolis of violin making. Its fame spread to other lands, and Charles IX. of France paid a fancy price for a Cremona violin in 1572. After Cremona, Venice, among the Italian cities, produced the best violin makers, then Milan and Naples; pupils and imitators of Antonio Stradivari maintaining the reputation of the Italian violins until 1760, when there was a decline in the demand for these instruments. In South Germany there was a distinct school of violin making, Munich, Vienna and Nuremberg producing many excellent fiddle-makers. Since Stradivari, 1680-1730, the model for bowed instruments has changed very little, the violin being the only musical instrument to remain practically the same throughout modern musical history; the lute, its universal companion, having entirely disappeared; yet the violin, which is the outgrowth of the very early ages, when tonal art consisted mainly of vocal music, remains unchanged. Instrumental music, such as we now have, was not known independently, the stringed instruments played by means of a bow, serving the purpose of playing the various parts of a vocal score, so as to give a special or additional coloring to the voice. It is therefore to be mentioned that the performance upon such an instrument did not require a skilful player, and, in consequence of this, the makers of violins, viols, gambas and all such stringed instruments simply constructed them in keeping with the requirements of the time. For this reason they were made with a neck containing a finger-board, which was connected with a sounding apparatus, upon which strings were stretched,

which could be pressed down upon the finger-board, and thus, in shortening them, higher notes be produced, according to the length from the bridge to the finger engaged in doing the work. A very simple contrivance, surely, and very primitive in its nature in proportion to the requirements of musical work now performed upon it. Though the form of the violin has been somewhat changed in its sounding domains, that part of the instrument which pertains to the forming of the notes, generally designated as the finger-board, has hardly been touched during all these years.

Now, when we consider the great advancement made in the field of instrumental music; when composers like Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert and Schumann have made such gigantic strides in the wonderful realm of musical art; when men like Paganini, Sivori, Lipinski, Vieuxtemps, de Beriot, Spohr, Joachim, have written the most intricate and brilliant compositions for the violin, and Romberg, Servais, Popper and others have given the world concertos for the 'cello that require the greatest individuality and skilful execution upon the part of the performer, it is, indeed, wonderful that the instruments which gave such satisfaction to the early players of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries have remained practically the same in all their construction, both as to the sounding department and to the parts which give access to the technical department of pitch. Its primitive state is emphasized by the retention of the crude hair bow, of the epoch of the savage, who used his bow, not only in sending arrows on their deadly mission, but also in intoning music upon his crude fiddle. And though the golden age of violin making was at

Cremona, when the Amati, Stradivari and Guarneri were credited with making such wonderful fiddles, it is actually a surprise to the human mind that, with the advancement of all practical sciences which add to the comfort and ease of the human race, that the old-time fiddle and the bow can now be seen in the hands of a great and skilful artist; a reminder of an age that burned tallow candles and were satisfied with the slow movements of the ox and the steer. Can it be presumed that while other instruments, such as the flute, clarinet, cboe, French horn, trumpet, and even the trombone have been under the process of advancement, and, in consequence, have attained a higher position in orchestra; have risen, as it were, from their primitive state to a higher plane, as we see in their treatment by Berlioz and Wagner, that the violin, the so-called king of all instruments, has never been touched by the tooth of time, and that no violin maker has yet risen, so far as is known, to change even its form and finger-board? Would it not, therefore, be timely for some one to look into it and see whether the treatment of the violin cannot be much eased, in accordance to the present demand of music, so as to enable the player to conquer its capabilities and shorten the many weary years that are now required to study it properly.

The accompanying illustrations are from the collection of Mr. Morris Steinert, the enthusiastic antiquarian, whose fame as a collector of rare old instruments is world wide, for he has not been content to simply acquire them, but he has inspired them with new life, by means of thorough re-

pairs, and carefully studied their character of tone, so that he is able to play them in the spirit of former times. In December, 1896, at the urgent request of Mr. Walter Damrosch, Mr. Steinert sent a number of his gambas to New York, to be used at a concert given by the Musical Art Society. At this concert Bach's Sixth Brandenburg Concerto in B flat major, the last of a set of six, written by Bach in 1721, for the Margrave of Brandenburg, was played.

Mr. Steinert's invaluable help in loaning a set of gambas from his collection made it possible to give an historically accurate performance of this most interesting composition, which must have sounded as it did in the music room of the Margrave of Brandenburg, one hundred and seventy-five years ago. This article, too, is the result of many conversations with Mr. Steinert, who is an authority on subjects musical, and whose somewhat radical ideas have, from time to time, given the musical world food for deep thought. Mr. Steinert will soon present his famous collection of keyed and stringed instruments to Yale University, for which a special museum will probably be erected upon the campus. This collection, the achievement of an unselfish desire, dedicated to art and the knowledge of an art, covers a period of over thirty years of zealous research, and furnishes to the student of music something impossible to gain from a study of the thickest books. In giving it to the university of the city he calls home, Mr. Steinert will find his reward in the great interest and in the recognition given the collection by the visitors and students of Yale.





MRS. TETLOW'S THANKSGIVING GUESTS

By Kate Whiting Patch



HE old Tetlow place stood off to the east of Layton. It had once been surrounded by wide acres, but gradually the growing town had encroached on its borders; and, bit by bit, the property had been swallowed up, until at last the low-browed, rambling farmhouse was elbowed by smarter town residences, and could boast only a narrow dooryard in front, and a cramped orchard in the rear.

"The mills had spoiled Layton," old Mrs. Tetlow used to say, with a dreary shake of the head, as she watched these changes.

Layton folks whispered among themselves that the old lady must have grown rich on her property, but there was small evidence of it. Mrs. Tetlow was as old-fashioned and out of place in the east quarter of Layton as was the antiquated home of her fathers, in which she lived, and there was small reason that either should change in the scanty number of years still left them.

The Tetlow farm had been a prosperous one in its day, and its owners had lived on it in quiet respectability for many generations. But they were all scattered and gone now—these Tetlows—save for the one lonely old woman, who gazed out of the small-paned windows, and saw, with the eyes of memory, sweeping meadows and hillside pasture, and the cows coming up the lane at milking time.

People said Mrs. Tetlow was growing forgetful. Perhaps she was—forgetful of the present.

It was a dreary November day. The clouds hung low and a few scattering snowflakes were beginning to fall.

"Real Thanksgiving weather," murmured Mrs. Tetlow, as she looked out of her front window at the bare boughs of an ancient elm tree. The fire in her air-tight stove was crackling hotly and the bits of isinglass in the door burned red. A big yellow cat lay sleeping in the center of a braided rug, and a smaller black and white tabby was curled up in a corner of the chintz-covered woodbox. Red geraniums flourished in the windows, and tried to overpower the gloom of the various "mourning pieces," that hung in black frames, here and there upon the walls, and a faithful timepiece, with a moon face, ticked slowly on the narrow shelf opposite Mrs. Tetlow's high-backed rocking chair.

"Yes, it's real Thanksgiving weather," repeated the old lady, drawing her small shoulder shawl closer about her. "It's time to be making the mince meat."

"Mother always did that the first thing," she went on, bye and bye, as though to the cats, "and to-day is Friday. Next week will bring the last Thursday in the month. The proclamation'll be read next Sabbath."

The knitting needles lay idle in Mrs. Tetlow's lap, as she rocked slowly back and forth.

"Grandma Spencer's folks always came by Wednesday night," she said, after a reflective pause, "and brother Peter and his wife and boys would get here as early as nine Thanksgiving morning. The rest didn't come till

nearly noon. I wonder where Peter's boy is now. I wish the West weren't so far off. I wonder if the boy's done well."

Mrs. Tetlow stopped rocking and sat up straight in her chair.

"Wouldn't I like to get ready for another such Thanksgiving party," she exclaimed, a red spot burning in either cheek. "I believe I will."

She arose, her slight figure trembling as she rolled up her knitting work and thrust the needles into it. "It won't do anybody any harm," she added, with a little, nervous laugh, "and it'll take twenty years off my shoulders, just to feel that I can, once again. Let me see; there's the long table cloth to do up, and the extra silver to polish, and the mince meat—I must set about that to-day."

She stepped out into her sunny kitchen, and going to the pantry, took down a jar of raisins.

"I'll seed these before I go out for my suet," she said to herself, as she fastened on her cooking apron. "I'll have my mince meat all ready by sundown. To-morrow I'll do up the long table cloth."

On the following Sunday morning, Mrs. Tetlow put on her best black alpaca and walked out to her old meeting-house—the oldest one in Layton now. She went devoutly through the whole service, but when the minister spread out the Governor's Thanksgiving proclamation and read it with due solemnity, the sparkle in the old lady's eyes might have told those near her why she had come to meeting on this special Sabbath morning.

When Mrs. Tetlow returned to her lonely home she went into the kitchen to look at the long table cloth, which had been carefully laundered the day before, and hung airing near the stove.

"There is the thin spot I had to darn after Nannie's wedding," she said,

touching it lightly; "and that is the stain that got there on the last Thanksgiving Grandpa Tetlow was with us. I tried everything, but it wouldn't come out. Well, I'll cover it with a napkin, and no one will be the wiser."

"Let me see," she went on musingly, how many must I provide for? There's Peter and Mary and the three boys, and Jane and Henrietta and Uncle Solon. Nannie and her husband and the little folks, bless 'em! and Grandma Spencer's folks and Joe and Letty. It'll be a long tableful, but I'll be ready for them."

Monday saw still more active preparations going on in the old kitchen. The two sleepy cats seemed bewildered and disturbed by the unwonted flurry, but the little old woman who engaged in it went about her work with joyous eagerness. Cranberries bubbled on the stove, golden pumpkins were being converted into luscious filling for prospective pies, and Mrs. Tetlow's bare arms were dusted with flour.

The last thing each night before going to her bed, the old lady took her wavering candle and inspected her pantry shelves; and with every evening there were more toothsome goodies to behold. Rows of mince, pumpkin, squash, apple and cranberry pies were flanked by moulds of cranberry jelly and cold puddings, while the cake box had grown heavy with rich loaves, and the brown crock sacred to doughnuts had received a fragrant store.

When the traveling butcher stopped Wednesday for his usual small order, Mrs. Tetlow followed him out to his cart and selected the largest turkey in his collection. The man's eyes opened wide.

"Expecting company, ma'am?" he asked as he weighed it, and the old woman nodded gravely.

That morning the windows in the upper chamber were thrown open to

the wind and sunshine, and sweeping and dusting and airing of bed linen were in order.

"Grandma Spencer's folks always come by Wednesday night," she said, "and the rooms haven't been used for some time. They feel a little damp, so I'll have them open all day."

Toward night Mrs. Tetlow put on her second best gown and sat down near the window to watch.

When her guests arrived, the nearest neighbor might not have known, but a lamp was lighted in the dim best-room that evening, and at nine o'clock the old woman took a bed room candle in either hand and toiled up the creaking stair. On the little stand beside each bed she placed a brass candlestick, and, having turned back the sheets, went out again, murmuring a soft "good-night."

The snow fell during the dark hours, but a few faint sunbeams crept out next morning for the encouragement of those who wished to keep this day of feasting and thanksgiving.

Mrs. Tetlow arose at dawn, and before it was time to prepare breakfast she had dressed her turkey and set it aside, ready for the oven.

About nine o'clock she began to lay her table.

"I may as well have it done before Peter's folks and the others come," she said, as with some difficulty she pulled it out to its full length and put in the extra leaves. The table had not been used for many years and rebelled at this disturbance; but after considerable trouble it was ready for the long

cloth, although Mrs. Tetlow found herself rather breathless.

"I might have called John to help me," she murmured, "but then, he's entertaining Aunt Spencer, and I can manage very well."

Having smoothed out every wrinkle in the cloth, she gathered all her geranium blossoms and put them in the center of the table in a glass bowl. Then the silver, which had all been

"When the traveling butcher stopped Wednesday for his usual small order, Mrs. Tetlow followed him out to his cart and selected the largest turkey in his collection."



Drawn by J. H. Appleton

polished the day before, was brought forth from its canton flannel wrappings, and Great-Grandma Tetlow's blue china was lifted down from the shelves of the china closet.

"How good it is to see all these things out again!" exclaimed the old lady, surveying the result of her labor

with pardonable pride; "and it's right good to have company once more," she added, with a little sigh; "I've eaten alone so long."

By noon all was ready in the dining room. The wide silver fruit dish on the sideboard was piled high with rosy apples and grapes and oranges, while generous dishes full of nuts and raisins stood on either side, flanked by a great jug of cider. Crisp celery and crimson jelly added color to the table, and from the direction of the kitchen crept the savory odor of cooking vegetables and roasting turkey.

"Now I'm all ready, except to dish up the dinner," remarked Mrs. Tetlow, with a sigh of contentment; and she never reflected on her increasing weariness, as she fastened the neck of her black alpaca and tied on a fresh lawn apron.

"I've nothing to do now," she said, "but to sit at the front window and watch for the folks to come. I'll be able to see them far up the meadow road." So the old lady sat down in her high-backed rocker by the window to watch for her Thanksgiving guests.

A few minutes later she was startled by hearing a knock at the front door, and, quite trembling with the shock, she arose to open it.

"Good morning, Mrs. Tetlow." It was Mrs. Clifford, the young doctor's wife, who spoke. "Good morning, Mrs. Tetlow. Isn't this a beautiful Thanksgiving day! Madam Clifford is out in the carriage and she wants to take you home to have dinner with us. Please say you'll come; and let me get your bonnet and shawl for you."

Mrs. Tetlow looked down into the bright young face, with a dreamy happiness in her own, as she slowly shook her head.

"You're real good," she said, "and please tell Madam Clifford I'm just as

much obliged to her, but I can't come to-day. I'm—I'm looking for company."

There was a ring of tremulous pride in the old voice, that went to the heart of the young woman. She looked up into the wrinkled old face and noted the strange glow of content and far-off happiness in the old eyes. Mrs. Clifford remembered it afterward with a sense of awe.

As she turned to go now, she saw, through the open door, a corner of the long table, all ready for dinner.

"I'm so glad for you, Mrs. Tetlow!" she exclaimed impulsively. "I hope you will have a pleasant Thanksgiving day." Then she hurried back to her carriage, and Mrs. Tetlow returned to her rocking-chair by the window.

"They're real late," she murmured to herself, now and then, and a new, strange weariness and numbness crept over her as she sat and waited, her dim vision still wandering far up the meadow road.

Suddenly she started forward with outstretched arms. "Peter!" she cried, "Mary!" and then sank back feebly in her chair. "I'm right glad to see you all," she faltered, "but I seem to be a little tired. Just lay off your things and draw up near the fire. It is growing chilly." She drew her shawl closer about her, with a little shiver, as she spoke.

"Johnny, just put another stick in the stove; that's a good boy." She closed her eyes a moment, murmuring softly to herself, "I mustn't give out now: it's nearly dinner time. I'll just rest till the others come."

But soon she leaned forward again, a joyous smile on her lips.

"Nannie!" she exclaimed, and the blessed baby! I didn't see you come in. Sit here, child; I'll hold the little one while you rest," and she began to croon softly as she rocked. "It is

cold, she murmured again, "real cold; but then it's Thanksgiving weather."

Several moments slipped by, while the old clock alone broke the stillness; then Mrs. Tetlow raised her head. "I smell lavender," she said. "Aunt Henrietta! I knew you had come. I smelled the lavender."

"Grandma Spencer's in the best room," she added. "She came at sundown last evening and she seems real smart. What, Joe, you here too! Did you come in the back way? Uncle Solon and Pa are in the barn, aren't they?"

An anxious look suddenly clouded the sunshine in her eyes. "Nannie," she whispered, "will you just take a look at things in the kitchen. I seem to be a little tired, but there's nothing to do. I'll come soon."

Her gaze wandered up the "meadow road" again, the joyous look returning. "They're coming!" she cried at length. "They're coming; I can see the sleigh." Then she turned, as though some one had touched her elbow, and started back wonderingly.

"My little Mary!" she faltered, with dimming eyes, "my little Mary, with her old rag baby! I thought—oh, Father, John, here is our little Mary!"

With a beautiful gesture, she clasped the child of her youth to her heart, and when she raised her eyes again it was to murmur, "Mother, Father, Letty, Eben—What a grand Thanksgiving! I didn't count on seeing you

"With a wonderful smile upon her white lips, Mrs. Tetlow had gone forth with her Thanksgiving guests."



Drawn by J. H. Appleton

all—why, the room is full—full—but I have enough—"

The sun had gone down when Doctor Clifford drove by the old Tetlow place, on his way to see some patient.

"So the old lady is entertaining," he said to himself, remembering his wife's story, and then, glancing at the house, he drew his horse up suddenly. "No lights!" he exclaimed, and an intuitive impulse made him stop. "I can't seem to go by," he said, "I must just run in and see if all is well with the old lady."

He hurried up the path and lifted the heavy knocker, but no one answered. Then the doctor opened the door and walked in.

"Mrs. Tetlow," he called, but the loud tick of the clock alone responded. Finally a sleepy cat emerged from the kitchen and rubbed against his leg.

Doctor Clifford struck a match and lighted a lamp that stood on the hall table. Then he passed into the sitting room. The fire in the air-tight stove had gone out and the room had grown

cold. Through a half open door he could see dimly a long table, laid for many guests, but no plate had been disturbed.

The doctor raised the lamp above his head and turned toward the front window. In the high-backed rocker a slender, motionless figure leaned back among the cushions, but the old house was wrapped in peaceful stillness; for, with a wonderful smile upon her white lips, Mrs. Tetlow had gone forth with her Thanksgiving guests.



KISMET

Upon the board the ranks of chessmen wait:
 An ancient set, brought from some Orient mart
 Long years ago, carved with a curious art.
 Knowing or caring naught for love or hate,
 Moving in blind obedience to some fate,
 The ivory images play well their part,
 Unstirred by passion of the human heart,
 'Till strife is ended with one word,—“Checkmate!”

Perchance, within our little world of men,
 With all its tangled maze of plot and strife,
 Blindly obeying Destiny,—we, too,
 Are but the sport of powers beyond our ken,
 'Till “Checkmate” ends at last the game of Life,
 With all its problems, old, yet ever new.

Ida Kenniston

Judas-A Woman

By Emelie Blackmore Stapp

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I TO XVIII INCLUSIVE

John Marshall, a typical overworked American professional man, marries a beautiful but mercenary and ambitious woman, who bears a daughter, Beatrice. The father dies suddenly and Mrs. Marshall decides to secure a desirable marriage for her daughter. Beatrice meets and is fascinated by Harmon De Loste, a southern gentleman, and finally agrees to an elopement and marriage. Mrs. Marshall announces the marriage as performed with her consent, and the young couple return to find a welcome and a home with her. De Loste receives a billet doux from a former love and deserts Beatrice, and by mail informs her that the ceremony was illegal. Mrs. Marshall determines that Everett Terrill shall become the husband of Beatrice. They are married and he discovers that he has been deceived. He leaves her, and her child, a daughter, is adopted by Mrs. Howard. Terrill meets and falls in love with Mildred Landon. He fears that Mildred will not forgive the past, but tells her all and finds her equal to the trial. Mrs. Marshall finds a ring De Loste had given to her daughter, and with it confronts his wife. Several years pass, and Judge Terrill's son graduates from college and goes west with Kenneth Phillips for the summer. They stop in Detroit and Mrs. Marshall recognizes Terrill. He meets Margaret Howard.

CHAPTER XIX.



A MONTH had passed since the two Harvard men's arrival in Detroit. It had been their intention to remain but a fortnight, and Thornton would then

have concluded his visit upon his return from the mountains. It is invariably the unexpected that happens, and changes plans in a manner little anticipated.

Mr. Phillips had been summoned to New York upon business, and was liable to be detained for even several weeks longer. Owing to his wife's

recent illness, he had insisted upon Kenneth remaining at home until his return.

The latter was so disappointed at the mere thought of his friend starting west without him that Thornton yielded to his urgent appeal that he remain as his guest in Detroit. He was not in the least loth to do this, even while he was anxious to continue his journey. His visit had been a delightful one. He had found Kenneth's friends all that he had hoped and expected them to be.

Kenneth had not been home since the previous summer. Consequently his advent had been hailed with enthusiasm by his own particular set of young people, with whom he was a prime favorite. There was a contagious brightness about him that made him welcome everywhere. Thornton soon felt perfectly at home among his new friends, and thoroughly enjoyed himself.

They were in the habit of almost daily dropping in at the Howard home. This was but the natural result of the relationship existing between the two families.

During their college life Thornton had grown to believe that an understanding of some sort existed between Kenneth and his cousin. From the manner in which he alluded to her,

and from the unfailing hilarity he exhibited when her letters arrived (which were quite frequent), he had felt that he had good grounds for his supposition.

Now that he was upon the field of action, it became very plain to him that Kenneth was in love with Margaret. But the attitude of the girl herself puzzled him a little. She did not act in the least as Thornton fancied a young lady would when she had either given, or was about to give, her life into the hands of another.

Only the previous week he had attempted to banter Kenneth a little, and the result had been most disastrous.

"No offense meant, you know, Phillips," said Thornton, quickly, when he saw how the other felt, and then he added affectionately, "There is no one who will rejoice in your good fortune more than I. And I hope you know that I am sincere in my friendship."

"I understand. I am afraid Margaret can never care for me as I care for her. That is the mischief in this world. Some one is forever loving some one who does not love in return. And then some one's heart must ache. I would rather mine would ache for Margaret than to try for happiness without her."

Thornton regretted having attempted to tease Kenneth, when he saw how really in earnest was the young fellow. Whenever the three were thrown together he found himself studying the cousins.

He thought that Kenneth exaggerated the state of affairs. He, himself, cared so much for him that it would seem the most natural thing in the world for Margaret to cherish a similar feeling. Yet he saw that beyond doubt there existed with her simply a warm cousinly affection, the result, in

part, of long and intimate association. "There is a mistake somewhere," he thought, "or, how can it mean so much to him and so little to her?"

Although he was not always successful in his efforts at college, there was never a problem or point too difficult in any study for him to attack. The more puzzling, the more he enjoyed it. And now there was born in his heart the desire to understand Margaret. He wished to win her confidence that he might help Kenneth.

The latter's blue eyes were made to reflect the serenity of the blue skies of summer. And the troubled look in them was as out of harmony as a cloud in the summer skies. It appealed to Thornton and he determined to help him.

The Priscillas in this world cannot all be true blue, and the story of John Alden repeats itself over and over again.

Margaret Howard was a brilliant and fascinating companion. The slight melancholy that threw an element of mystery about her character, made of her the more interesting study. Before many weeks Thornton wished with all his heart that he had gone directly west.

He fostered his friendship with Margaret that he might help Kenneth out of his difficulty.

In return for his spirit of disinterestedness, he suddenly became aware of the fact that he was bound to her by invisible chains, stronger than iron. His first thought was to leave the city upon any pretext.

He felt like a traitor. After all of his professed friendship for Kenneth, and his avowed determination of awakening Margaret to an appreciation of the great advantages in returning the affection of so lovable an admirer as her cousin, and then to be so weak as to fall in love with her him-

self. He felt that he was disloyal, not only to his friend, but to his own manhood.

"Kenneth, I have something to say to you," he said, as they strolled home one evening from Mr. Howard's. He spoke so soberly that Kenneth looked at him earnestly, as he replied, "Nothing serious, is it? I hope you are not going to start west, for father may be home next week."

"That's just it. I must go to-morrow."

"Go away to-morrow," he repeated. "What do you mean?" And he sat down upon the stone steps of a vacant house.

Thornton followed his example and then replied, "It is hard for me to say just what I want to say. Perhaps I had better leave it all unsaid, excepting that I feel that I cannot stay another day."

It would have been wholly dark, but for the pale light from the stars and the street lamps, and the two faces were hardly distinguishable.

There was a moment's pause. Each was intent upon his own thoughts. Then the warm-hearted Kenneth's hand stole softly to his friend's knee, and he said, "We have been too good friends for you to leave me thus abruptly, and you must tell me the reason. It is only just."

There was another pause, and Thornton's cheeks flushed painfully. He suddenly turned, almost fiercely, upon the young fellow.

"Can't you see? I am a traitor."

"You speak strangely, Terrill; are you ill?"

"Ill? Confound it, you Lady, can't you see? I wish to Heaven I were ill. Oh—I—well, hang it all, I love her, too. I wish you would shoot me, I feel so contemptible."

"Love her, too," repeated Kenneth. "You mean that you love my cousin, Margaret?"

"Yes," was the very faint reply.

"And—and does she love you also?" he asked, almost eagerly, in a hushed voice.

"Love me? No—I have never thought of that. How could she love such a fellow as I? I want her to love you. I could die of shame to have such a thing happen when I am your guest. My father would be ashamed of me. But, Ken, I did not know it was coming until it was too late. I will go home to-morrow. Home is the best place for a fellow like me."

There was a too evident attempt at bravery in the voice.

"Do you love her very dearly?" asked Kenneth, in a strained voice, but even while he spoke, the hand tightened upon the knee, for he felt a sympathy for Thornton.

"Forgive me, Kenneth, but I, oh, I do love her very dearly. I did not mean to be dishonorable to you. I have told you the truth, and I will go away to-morrow. Don't begrudge me the honor, the happiness of loving her. She need never know. When you are happily married, if ever in the future you need me, you have but to speak. I will gladly make any sacrifice for your happiness, always. And—well, old man, perhaps we had better go home now."

The words ended with a sigh that came from the speaker's heart.

"Don't go yet, for I, too, have something to say," and the blue eyes sought the brown. "I had not thought I need ever tell you this, but now everything is changed. I know how you feel, for I love her. I love her more than my life. We had been playmates, schoolmates, and I have grown up loving her. I planned and hoped for many things when I had finished college." The voice had a mournful ring that touched the remorseful heart of the hearer.

"But things do not always come the way one plans. Perhaps you have noticed that I have not felt any too lively of late. Well, a few evenings ago, I asked Margaret to be my wife—and—and she told me that she did not love me."

Kenneth laid his hand over his eyes, as though to shut out the sight of something that pained him, and then he continued, "I thought I would wait a year, and then ask her again. But I will never ask her again."

It was now Thornton's turn to ask, "What do you mean?"

"I mean that I believe that Margaret will never love me as I would want the woman to love me who becomes my wife. I could not risk her happiness by having her marry me otherwise. Because I love her so, I care for her happiness more than for my own. And then, Thornton, I do not feel sure that I understand her. I never did understand her. I just loved her," he concluded, earnestly.

Thornton's heart was full of conflicting emotions, but he tried to say steadily, "Perhaps you will learn to understand her."

"No, I have tried all my life. I cannot take any chances for her happiness. If I cared less for her it would be different. You are the better man, Thornton. You always understood everything hard. If I cannot have her, there is no one I would rather see successful than yourself. Don't go away. I want you to stay. I feel somehow that you will not regret it."

The generous sweetness of Kenneth's nature was not wasted upon Thornton. "You are one man in a million," he said, as he wrung his hand. "I shall never forget this."

When they parted for the night, Kenneth said (and the words were sweet to Thornton's ears), "Good luck to you! God bless you both always."

CHAPTER XX.

The two men were closer friends than ever. There was a silent tie between them that nothing could break. They rarely, if ever, alluded to the subject that must of a certainty be uppermost in their minds. But in a thousand ways Kenneth proved the sincerity of his words and the generosity of his sacrifice.

Thornton found the little piece of femininity that he loved the most alluring; the most tantalizing study he had ever undertaken. If he ever grew the least bit hopeful that his love was returned, the very next day something would occur which would cause the young man to feel that there was a strong probability that he might be doomed to share the self exile of Kenneth and leave the field to a more successful rival.

As for Margaret herself, she could scarcely recall ever having been so happy as she was this short, blissful summer. Just as Thornton had divined, she had always been fond of her boyish cousin Kenneth. She regarded him as a customary fixture in her life, but beyond that he never appealed to her in the least.

Thornton was haughty and distinguished in his bearing, and the rather unusual combination of light hair and dark eyes had caught her fancy from the first. She felt that she could read every fleeting expression in Kenneth's blue eyes, but the dark eyes of his friend were at times inscrutable to her. She avoided him, eluded him, and tormented him, and with it all, enthralled him more and more.

Fate often plays tricks with unsuspecting mortals and the climax of our hopes will be reached unexpectedly and usually in a manner different from our anticipations.

Thornton and Margaret were scarcely if ever alone. Indeed, there was

at times a tantalizing expression in Margaret's eyes that made Thornton feel uncertain whether it was an accident or a prearranged plan that a third person was usually near.

A party of six, including Margaret, Thornton and Kenneth, planned to take advantage of the last moonlight night of the month for a drive to a certain country-seat that they had endeavored to take several times through the summer. Since, in all probability, it would be Thornton's final excursion of the sort in Detroit, Kenneth arranged that he should be his cousin's escort.

The party remained longer at the hospitable home than they had intended and it was really late when the long drive home was begun. Unobserved through the evening clouds had been slowly gathering and had stealthily shrouded the moon. When the trip home was but half accomplished an inky blackness obscured everything. The fickle wind muttered ominously to the swaying tree tops as though he were the bearer of evil tidings. The darkness of the night soon separated the party.

Thornton's heart beat fast. He tucked the robe more closely about his companion. She had not spoken for several moments and her eyes were fastened upon the dim objects by the roadside.

Thornton fancied that he would almost startle her did he break in upon her reverie, and yet he felt that the time had come when he must speak.

"Margaret, dear little Margaret," he whispered, and there was a quality in his voice that caused his hearer to wonder if she was dreaming or if he really spoke. She looked at him wondering. He leaned nearer to her and whispered again, "Margaret."

She drew her eyes lingeringly from the roadside and looked at him.

He drew his face nearer to hers and

whispered again, "Margaret!" At his tone and the unaccustomed word of address her face flushed and her eyes fell.

"Margaret, I never have said such things and I do not know how to tell you as perhaps best you would like to have me but—I love you, love you, love you."

Again she looked at him wonderingly. This time his eyes held hers. They were not inscrutable to her tonight. Even in the darkness she read the meaning as clearly in their depths as though it were written in letters of white upon a dark background.

"He loves me! He loves me!" Her heart said exultingly. She slowly drew her gaze from his and looked off again into the distance. Thornton's heart ached with fear at her silence. Could it be possible that all his hopes were to be dashed to the ground?

"Margaret, little dear Margaret, shall I tell you again?" His voice was full of pleading.

She turned to him as certain flowers turn their innocent faces to the sun. The wave of emotion that swept over her face spoke to him even before her words reached his ears. "No, Thornton it is my turn to tell you now."

"To tell me? Oh, Margaret!" He took the slender hand in his own quickly. It felt warm to his touch and he longed to lay his other hand over it caressingly. "Dearest," he said, "this little hand shall be my talisman and bring to me good fortune. Are you happy, dear?" He longed to hear her voice. He wanted her to tell him over and over that she loved him. It was sweet to his ears.

"Happy? Oh, so happy, Thornton. I—I love you so."

He drew her closer. "Margaret," he said.

"Yes, Thornton."

"I will speak to your father and

mother to-morrow, for I can't ever do without you again."

"Don't hurry. It is sweet to be this way, I think."

"Yes, but we can't always be driving along a country road alone. You know I must go east soon and I want you to go with me."

"Go with you?"

"Certainly," replied Thornton, with much dignity. "You do not suppose for one instant that I would leave you behind. I will wait one month for you. Any girl can get ready in a month."

"A month," she gasped, even though she liked the masterful tone of his voice.

"Yes. A month is much too long. But I would do a great deal for you. So I will wait a month. Your father and mother will surely consent, will they not?" he asked anxiously.

At the mention of her parents she grew silent and her face lost its warmth and held the old baffling expression. Even the hand he held grew cold. Thornton looked at her in amazement.

"What is it, Margaret? Are you ill?" he asked in a troubled voice.

When she spoke her voice as well as her eyes seemed full of tears and she said mournfully, "I was so happy I had forgotten everything, yes everything but you."

"You had better not forget me." He tried to speak lightly but when he saw that she did not smile, he felt anxious, for her face as he had seen it many times came before him. "What is it, little one? Tell me. You know you must tell me everything that ever troubles your dear heart again."

She was suffering. It is always the innocent who suffer the most. It never occurred to her that he need not necessarily know the mystery surrounding her birth. She felt an agony of shame that there should be a mys-

tery. She tortured herself with the thought that when he knew he might not love her. Still she could not bear that he should not know.

"Tell me," he urged again.

She drew her hand from his and clasped it within her own tightly upon her knee. "I will tell you," she said bravely. There was something in her tone that made the young man silently vow that there should come a day after there had been so much happiness crowded into her life that it would be impossible ever again for that quality to be discernible in her voice.

"I could not make the story long if I wished, Thornton. But it is right for you to know that Mr. and Mrs. Howard are not my parents."

"Are not your parents?"

She mistook the surprise in his voice for coldness. She answered huskily, "No; and so you can forget the last happy hour, and you are free."

"Margaret!" His voice was full of a dignified reproach. "Do not be foolish. You know that nothing will change my love. You may do as you like about telling me. If Mr. and Mrs. Howard are not your parents, who are?" He began to fear that the girl really was ill. Perhaps she did not know of what she was talking, so improbable did her assertion seem.

"I do not know," she faltered.

"Do not know?" he repeated, "what do you mean?"

"I mean what I say," she said with desperation in her voice. "I mean that I am a foster daughter. Mrs. Howard meant to be kind when she destroyed the papers of my birth." In her excitement she referred to her mother as "Mrs. Howard." "When they discovered how badly I felt I am sure they tried to ascertain the circumstances of my birth. It was useless. Do you for one instant suppose that I would marry you? I do not blame

them. They meant it all for the best. They could not be kinder than they have been. The least that I can do in return is to hide my own grief."

She spoke quickly, giving him no time to interrupt her.

"I never pass strangers but that I feel the inclination to look into their faces, trying to discover my father and mother. When I look into certain faces that antagonize me I shudder as I wonder if such a man could be my father. To know anything would be easier than such suspense. What if my mother needs me." The tears in the great eyes overflowed and rolled down the face drawn with the intensity of feeling.

"Don't, Margaret, for Heaven's sake don't look like that!" he exclaimed.

"But you see, Thornton, it would not do for me to marry you. How do I know my name? Perhaps—perhaps—" and the sentence ended with a shudder.

He slipped his arm about her and drew her nearer to him.

"It would have been better if I had never been born," she murmured pitifully.

"Dearest," he whispered softly, "Do not grieve or worry ever again. We shall find them, I hope, some day. It is your own self I love and need to make my life complete. Make me happy by being happy. Look at me, sweetheart, and say that you will be true and will love me always." There was an ineffable tenderness in Thornton's voice and the well-bred face with its clearly cut features was full of dignity.

His eyes met hers and each read by the light of the other's eyes the sweetest story life has had to tell since the beginning of time.

CHAPTER XXI.

Margaret Howard's petite beauty unfailingly misled persons as to her real

age. To those who had always known her it seemed that she never grew older in appearance. Indeed she was the possessor of that almost rare type of feature and coloring that endures so remarkably. Provided that her lot be a reasonably happy one, such a woman will remain young and fresh looking, while her contemporaries show signs of age.

Thornton Terrill, to the contrary, possessed a mature face, and combined with his healthful fine physique he appeared older than he was in reality. To see them together one would honestly believe that Thornton was the elder by several years.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard believed this to be the case, as well as the young persons themselves. This impression was due to several chance remarks made by Kenneth early in the summer. He, through preference, persuaded himself that Margaret was younger than he. He admired Thornton immensely, and he had simply taken it for granted that he must be older than himself because he knew so much more. Even if they had known the truth, in all probability it would not have made the slightest difference to either, because they were deeply attached to one another.

During the days that followed their country excursion, Margaret felt as though she must be dreaming. All the restlessness, the yearning had disappeared from her manner and from her face. The latter's piquant brightness lightened the hearts of those who loved her.

Probably under no other circumstances would Mr. and Mrs. Howard ever have consented to the early marriage for which both young persons pleaded. But the unhappiness, the heartache they had so unintentionally brought upon her, and which she had borne uncomplainingly all these years, caused

them to feel that no sacrifice would be too great if it was in their power to purchase her future happiness. They felt that the light from their home would be gone forever when Margaret went east to live, and still they had not the heart to refuse her.

She seemed a wholly different girl since the eventful ride. One was wont to recall his own courtship, and smile involuntarily into the radiant, expectant face, proclaiming as it did that its owner had at last found her solution of life.

All this time Judge and Mrs. Terrill wondered in an amused way what could be detaining Thornton so long in Detroit. Never one word of his love had he breathed in his letters. From them one might have supposed that he was intensely interested in Detroit and its environment. Well versed as they were in life, it seemed strange that never once did they surmise that their son had fallen hopelessly in love, and that all his ambition was at present centered upon one enticing little piece of humanity.

It came like a thunderbolt—the letter saying that he had won the love of Margaret, and that by persistent pleading and insistence, they had prevailed upon her parents to allow the marriage to take place before his return east.

The letter was a manly one, but to a keen eye, a certain anxiety might be traced between the lines, as though the writer were not perfectly sure how the intelligence would be received. He might well have had his doubts upon the subject.

When Judge Terrill read the letter that was delivered to his office he was astounded and angry. It seemed to his clear far-seeing eyes that his son must be insane to harbor so impracticable a plan. Thornton really had nothing in his own name. The first year of a young lawyer's career is up-

hill work and fees are bound to come in slowly. Plans to forbid the marriage to take place for the present flashed through his mind. Leaving his office an hour earlier than usual, he hurried home to consult his wife.

As soon as she saw his flushed face with its troubled expression she knew something was amiss. "What is it, Everett?" she cried, hastening to meet him. "Nothing has happened to Thornton, has there?"

"Well, I should say so. About the worst calamity that could befall him."

She never once suspected the truth. Instead, visions of horrible accidents flashed through her mind. Her face grew pale, and with a startled cry she sank to the floor. It was the first time in all her married life that she had ever fainted. At the unaccustomed sight Judge Terrill nearly "had a turn" himself, as he afterward expressed his sensation.

He hastened for water and quickly returned to her assistance. After pouring the entire contents of a pitcher of water over her, fanning her frantically with a newspaper, and then rubbing her hands, she opened her eyes wondering.

"For mercy sake, Everett, are you trying to drown me?" she murmured, as he picked her up, and placed her in an easy chair upon the veranda, and then sank limply into one himself.

"I do not know, I am sure, Mildred, just what I would have done, if you had not revived as soon as you did. I presume it is the great heat."

"The heat!" She looked at him reproachfully. "How can you forget what you were telling me about poor Thornton? Oh, what is it, Everett?" and her face grew a shade paler.

Her husband looked at her in alarm. "Thornton; I had almost forgotten the young scapegrace."

"Please tell me, Everett," urged Mil-

ded. She thought that he was trying to withhold the bad news. "I feel quite strong now."

"You will have need of strength," he said dryly. "The youngster has fallen —" He paused.

"Oh, oh—not into the lake?" she interrupted nervously.

"For goodness' sake, Mildred, no. He has fallen in love. Isn't that bad enough?"

"Fallen in love," she repeated. "Who has he fallen in love with?"

"Her name is Margaret Howard. She is probably some girl who does not know that two and two make four."

"Everett, you forget that you are speaking of our son."

"So I had, dear, but it vexes me greatly. I had made so many other plans for next year. Had I dreamed of such a catastrophe, he should never have gone west."

"Perhaps it is not as bad as you think. Read me his letter, please."

He pulled it from his pocket and read it to her slowly, from the beginning to the end, without any comment.

Mildred's face changed its expression over and over while she listened. In the first place, she had been amused at the manner in which her husband had spoken of love, as though it were the greatest calamity that could befall Thornton. But when she read the letter through, she realized it was not the mere fact of Thornton falling in love that annoyed his father so seriously as that of his intention of being married so soon.

"I declare, Mildred, I believe I will send for him to come home to-morrow. She surely cannot come that soon. I will not allow the boy to make a fool of himself. I never heard of anything more absurd."

"Do not be hasty, dear; let me think a moment."

When she spoke in that tone, her husband invariably respected her wishes. He leaned back in his chair and waited in silence for her to speak.

"I wish that we knew this young girl," she said quietly.

"To know or not to know, makes no difference," he replied. "The point is that the boy is too young to marry. I shall forbid it."

At these words the protective mother love was aroused. She understood Thornton's nature thoroughly. She knew how in earnest he must be to have even the desire to be married so quickly. He was as determined as his father, and would not take kindly to opposition in such a matter.

"I cannot understand how this has all occurred since June," he continued. "It must not go on another day."

"Everett, do not attempt to forbid it. Do not make any trouble. You want Thornton to be happy, don't you?"

"Of course I do, but this is not the way to insure it."

"Oh, my dear," and she laughed, "have you so soon forgotten our romance? What if my father had made us wait longer than we desired," she pleaded.

He moved restlessly in his chair and then moved nearer to her. "Mildred, I do declare," he began impulsively, and then finished his sentence by lifting her hand to his lips and kissing it. "I never could have lived without you, and—well, if Thornton feels the same way, I suppose I may as well go through the formality of giving my consent."

Instead of the letter he had planned to write, there started westward that night one that was full of love and kindly interest. It made glad not only the heart of him that received it, but also the hearts of those who had sent it.

(To be continued.)



LOVE WINS

Love and I the other day
Fell into a wrangle—
I was weary of the boy,
Always at my heels,
Not a moment to myself,
Business in a tangle,
Bade him off to find the time
His wanton mischief steals.

Lo, before our quarrel done,
Little Love was sighing;
Looked at me with brimming eyes—
Pansies in the rain.
Had to cheer the youngster up—
Couldn't stand his crying.
Had to pick him up and kiss
The dimples back again.

Theodosia Garrison

AT THE SHRINE OF THE GODDESS

IT was lonely at the shrine of Venus.
The perfumed lamps burned dimly
in their niches; the smoke of the incense curled in filmy wreaths about the altar; the flowers the supplicants had brought died about the steps; the fallen petals of the roses that flecked the whiteness of the marble like drops of blood, dropped upon the strange, dark leaves of the sea-flowers and

snowy coral the young Roman sailor had placed before the shrine the yestereven, bending his brown limbs and tawny, sunburned curls, and asking for that with his eyes, which his bashful lips could not speak.

But that was yesterday, and to-day none had come with offerings, and Venus sat with angry eyes and drew the strands of her ruddy hair through her restless fingers.

Outside, her doves cooed to the rising moon. There came a footstep light as the fall of drifted foam upon the sand. One entered like a moonbeam's self—a little maid, who trembled like a May violet in the wind, and in her arms she bore great sheafs of lilies, heavy with the night dew. For a time she did not speak, but knelt at Venus' feet and hid her face and wept; and Venus bent her head, and the moonbeams falling on her breast, fretted because its whiteness mocked them.

"What wouldst thou, my daughter?" she said, and the melody of the whispering wave was in her voice.

"He loves me not," sighed the little maid. "Beside his flocks this morning, did he flout me, saying that my face was not fair, and in the vale of Ida were many maids who loved him. Woe

is me! Sweet Goddess, canst thou not make me pleasing to his eyes, lest I shall die of very love and shame? See, I have brought these lilies and a lute my brother wrought of the river weed but yesterday." And the tears fell on her clasped hands.

"Tends he his flocks upon the hills of Ida? Once knew I such a shepherd, but Argive Helen hath twined him in her hair these many days," said Venus, and she laughed—a little laugh, and low. "Yet, because of that first shepherd whom I loved, I will be kind. See," she whispered. "thy gift has grace!" and smiled above the lilies and was gone.

And she came to Cupid, where he walked in the purple woods seeking the lost Psyche, and the twining leaves above them bent to hear the tale; and, as Venus whispered in the ear of Cupid, the young shepherd, stretched on the flowered slopes of Ida, turned and muttered in his sleep.

And at the first break of the white dawn Cupid sought the shepherd where he slept and knelt and pressed his fingers on the folded eyes, and the birds, who heralded the morn, were still and the timid, brown-limbed Dryads crept anear to see a miracle. And thrice Cupid pressed the shepherd's eyes and whispered in his ear.

The low wind breathed its tuneless melody through the shrine of Venus. The trampled lilies and the crimson-hearted roses gave up their souls in perfume. Outside the doves cooed to the rising moon. And two knelt together at the shrine, but their hands were clasped and the curls of their hair mingled. And the youth spoke, stretching his strong arm toward the altar.

"Oh, Goddess, for this great gift of love, I thank thee, and for this fairest of earth's women thou hast granted me."

And Venus smiled. "That thou hast made me fair," whispered the little maid, "Oh, Venus, thou hast made me fair, for fair I must be, lest why on a sudden should his love encircle me like a great wave. See, to my death day will I bring thee offerings."

And in a dim corner, hedged in by moon rays, stood Cupid, for never is he over-far from Venus' side; and as he listened, he laughed, and the tenderness of the world was in his laugh. And Venus lifted her eyes and in each was hidden a smile even as a sun ray hides in the heart of a purple flower, and her finger, for a moment, rested on her lips. "Oh, Love," she whispered, "Wouldst laugh at thine own handiwork?"

Theodosia Garrison



OLD CATBIRD

Old catbird in the bush out there
Is raisin' fuss galore,
He's crakin' songs the mock-bird sang
In balmy days of yore.

But pshaw! he thinks he's foolin' folks.
Now, he ain't foolin' me;
There's no white feather in his wing,
As any eye can see.

He thinks he'll make me get up now
From dozin' in the shade,
And follow him a mile or two
Just for the fuss he's made.

But, hello, now, that song of his
Does seem to round off sweet,
Just like the mock-bird's nesting song,
With semi-quivers neat.

I guess I'll go an' peek around
A little, while he sings,
To see, for sure, if he has got
White feathers in his wings.

Charles Sloan Reid

LITTLE DOT'S THANKSGIVING

DOT'S mamma was deeply engrossed in preparations for Thanksgiving. The pantry shelves were loaded with rows of pies—golden pumpkin and savory mince and flaky-crust ed apple—and the big stone jar behind the pantry door was filled with fat doughnuts, while a suggestion of raisins and apples and oranges and nuts lingered in the air. On the morrow the great turkey would be solemnly inspected and carefully placed in the ice-chest to await the time for cooking. The kitchen was a place of delightful smells and busy industry.

It was to be what we old folks sometimes dream of—on cold winter evenings, when the wind whistles sharply about the house, and half-forgotten faces greet us in the fitful glow of the embers on the hearth—a "genuine old-fashioned Thanksgiving."

There were to be several guests. Grandma Spencer—the dear old lady who called Dot her "little sunbeam"—was coming all alone from a distant state to spend Thanksgiving with "John's folks." And Uncle Frank and Aunt Mary and the children—not forgetting of course the tiniest one, whom Dot had not yet seen. And the

minister—what dinner of the kind would be complete without him—and his sweet young wife. And Cousin Emma, whom fate had not dealt kindly with—another necessary guest at a genuine Thanksgiving gathering.

Dot was watching the preparations with the greatest interest, and imbibing some-

what of the generous spirit of the day held sacred by her Pilgrim forefathers. At last she wandered from the kitchen and sought out Tom—who was cleaning the woodwork in the hall, where sundry tiny hands had left their impress.

"Tom," asked Dot, tentatively, "do you know any little colored children who won't have a Thanksgiving dinner—a *real* Thanksgiving dinner, I mean—with lots of turkey?"

"Yes, Missy," answered Tom, gravely, "I know a lot of little pickaninnies who never tasted turkey."

Dot's blue eyes grew wistfully sympathetic. "I think," she said, slowly, "I'll give a party—a Thanksgiving party—and ask them all to come. Do you think they'd come, Tom?"

"Yes, Missy, they'd all come, sure enough," laughed Tom.

Then Dot danced away to consult her mamma, and greatly astonished that good woman when she outlined the details of her plan. When Dot had been snugly tucked in her little bed that night—tightly hugging her most cherished doll—a council of two was held in the seclusion of the library. Dot's papa listened silently to the little story that Dot's mamma had to tell, and at its close the smoke from his cigar had somehow got into his eyes and made them misty.

"Then you think," said Dot's mamma, a little later, "that she can have her party as she wishes?"

"If she fills the house from cellar to garret, and banishes the rest of us to the hotel," replied Dot's papa with great emphasis.

So the party was arranged, and Dot's cares for the next few days were as those of a nation, and her little feet grew very weary, while each night when she had been put to bed fresh problems would arise that must be solved before she could go to sleep.



Then Thanksgiving day dawned bright and clear, and the church bells rang out merrily on the frosty air. Towards noon Dot's guests began to gather. First, little Tim came slowly swinging through the gate on his tiny crutches. Poor little waif—Thanksgiving to him was but an empty word, but the vision of turkey and oranges and cakes and candy and warmth and brightness and merry games at the big white house had filled his starved little

them hungry—all of them clean and happy and laughing, till a full score of the guests had gathered.

And when they were seated round the wonderful table—that seemed to them like a dream come true—what a glorious feast they had. And Dot, hovering about, a zealous hostess, was as happy as her guests.

Just as little Tim had leaned back in his chair and in an awestruck voice announced that he could eat no more—

"I think," she said, slowly, "I'll give a party—a Thanksgiving party—and ask them all to come. Do you think they'd come, Tom?"



soul with gladness, and the pain that came in the darkness and cruelly racked his slight form was for the time forgotten. Then the washer-woman's twins came—tightly holding each other's hands, their round eyes sparkling and their ebon countenances wreathed in gleeful giggles of anticipation.

In little groups of two and three they came, from their lowly homes in the narrow streets along the river front: many of them ragged—most of

a state at which he had never before arrived—the door opened softly, and Dot's papa and mamma and Grandma Spencer and the minister and all the rest looked in on the motley group. And the minister, being still young and of a tender heart, and the fire of his enthusiasm still unquenched, picked happy little Dot up bodily in his arms, and raising his eyes toward an unseen Presence, softly whispered: "For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

O. S. Borne

A DUSKY ORPHEUS

IT was county court day in one of Virginia's counties, and every broken rail was a hitching post. Beneath an open shed by the fig-trees, an enterprising native was serving out strong coffee to be sipped from weak tin teaspoons, and spreading good oysters on poor china

From behind the Soldiers' Monument came a dog. Some very affectionate comrade had chewed off his left ear—which was not right. A cynical droop of his mouth to one side showed a white tooth or too, worn, but still useful as a fleeing cur was loudly proclaiming. But the victor was not uttering a sound. Only—his eyes were looking into each other with a sparkle of cross-eyed enjoyment.

"You, Ben Butler, whar is you takin' me? To New Orleans?" These words, spoken with the mellow laugh of a southern Ethiopian, called attention to a rope about Ben Butler's neck, which had not seemed to inconvenience that statesman, however, in his recent little "scrap," and the eye, travelling up the hemp, rested at length upon a ragged negro, to whom the dog was all the eyes he had. A stovepipe hat, which had lost its brim, was on his head. His rough blue coat and trousers, once the uniform of Uncle Sam, were faded, but his calico shirt was clean. His coarse boots were white with dust. One slender brown hand held the end of Ben Butler's cord, while the other grasped the neck of a rude bag. But the ever silent dog only wagged his stump of a tail and moved slowly across the green until he had led his master to the jail door, where he stopped, at which the courtyard idlers set up a loud laugh as they crowded around the stranger. What was his name? Where had he come from? Where was he going? What was his business?

The old negro pulled off his hat and dropped it on the step—"What's my name? I dunno. Dey calls me Orpheus. I'se come from Miss Sally's. I speck I'se gwine to de po'house. An' I ain't got no bus'ness. I jes' plays." A kind of suppressed light shone in his sightless eyeballs, as he lifted them toward the sun; and, plunging his hand into the bag, he drew forth a sorry-looking fiddle and its bow. The violin leapt to his chin and the bow hung suspended above it for a second, then dropped on the strings as gently as the wind on the corn-blades rustling their applause in anticipation from the neighboring field. And then arose upon the still autumn air, hushing even politics, stilling the dinner table, floating through court-house and jail, up till the trees themselves heard and understood, a thrill of blending chords, which swelled into the plaintive melody of "The Old Folks at Home." And the dog, nestling against his master's leg, kissed it with that grim mouth. And the horses whinneyed softly. And the little canary across the road strove in a frenzy of song to echo each strain, while the crowd gathered more closely about the poor old negro, as he wound variations—which sang of the field and the sky and the stream—about the great melody, moving on as majestically as the silver river in the distance. And the jingle of coin in that hat told that hearts had been touched by this untutored music. And the poor little negro boy inside the barred jail-window was sobbing: "Mammy! O, Mammy, whyn't I at home wid you an' de res' now?" And the commonwealth's attorney cried aloud with kind profanity to the judge, notwithstanding it was a dry county and drink for a gentleman was hard to get: "Your Honor,—if he shan't have a dram out of my jug even though he is a nigger!"

Frank E. Andersen

N Convictions N

By Anna Farquhar

GIVING THANKS

EVEN though one may echo the Pharisee in so doing, there is indescribable human content to be derived from giving thanks that one is not as others are, especially when those others are in a deplorable condition.

This is not altogether a noble sentiment, but like many distinctly human characteristics, it can be argued both ways. If a man is in trouble, an almost infallible remedy for his lowered spirits is to walk abroad, observe and consider the even worse condition of the majority, thus being reminded of his comparative joys, and inducing gratitude and content within him thereby.

On the other hand nothing is so weakening to the growing powers as self-satisfaction, and that is probably why the great Wisdom leaves us all so much to be desired.

This may hint of a nice distinction, not worth considering, but experience insists that the difference is important. The one spirit in which thanks are returned savors of vain glory, the other of humble gratitude and surprise at being singled out for what would seem to be especial favor. A woman may know that she is beautiful, and still not be vain, for vanity exceeds a reasonable acceptance of a fact; it puffeth up the owner to the unprofitable point of bursting. Just so a man may give thanks for his benefits with-

out touching upon the field of the Pharisee, as a man may rejoice that he has not the plague without sending his neighbor in some plague germs.

However, true gratitude which vaunteth not its own is infrequent. The finest gratitude to be attained by observing the yoke of misery carried by the multitudes, is that which in revealing our own good fortune, at the same time opens our hearts to the misfortunes of others.

In nearly every man's life there comes a day when he is so grateful for some supreme blessing that in walking along the streets he overflows with a desire to make others equally happy. That is the one great Thanksgiving Day of his life. Exactly as a lover at the height of his bliss has a surplus of love to bestow upon the entire world, the truly grateful man returns both general and personal thanks. But the thanks of the Pharisee is the everyday kind, bitten by that worldly frost, which, in withering man's wings, sets him lower than the angels.

When we all begin to return thanks in the plural, rather than in the singular, man will have adorned himself with a feather from Paradise.

THEATRICAL DOMESTICITY

FEW people outside of the profession have any actual acquaintance with what may be called the

domestic side of theatrical life. By that expression is meant the existence of theatrical people when off the stage. The traditions of the early English stage, relative to the mind and morals of actors, cling to the average intelligence like barnacles, irrespective of facts. If any actor or actress lived the life reputed to the entire profession, few of them would last beyond early youth. The amount of food and drink taken, suppositiously, by an actor during one month of his existence, would cause gastro-nomic havoc to the entire profession in the same length of time, were it distributed among all the members. Then, too, the excitement of theatrical life is exaggerated immoderately by on-lookers. There is a prevailing idea that an actor lives in a perpetual state of footlight intoxication, stimulated into a fictitious exaltation by constant applause, whereas, in truth, the major portion of his time is occupied with a prosaic drudgery, only equalled by the treadmill of the laboring classes. Let any amateur recall the hard work, constant annoyance and bodily fatigue of an occasional turn at private theatricals, then multiply that experience by every day, and an actor's story is told in unvarnished colors.

The late Fanny Davenport's life was a fair example of domestic stage living. Her special dissipation was books, which she devoured ravenously during her idle hours. While traveling, she saw as few people as possible, outside of her professional relations; she ate and drank much less than any member of her audience, and, on the whole, was an excellent example of wifely devotion. Among theatrical men and women there are, as in all other walks of life, white and black sheep, but, taken as a class, there are no lives so entirely misunderstood as theirs, for the reason

that, owing to the personal publicity of their profession, much is made of their shortcomings, and nothing of their many virtues. At one time the premier danseuse of the New York Opera Company was a retiring, modest little French woman, who lived with her husband in an up-town flat, amid all the bourgeois domesticity of a provincial house-wife, but few people would have believed this to be a fact, had they been told.

Mr. Franklin Sargent, whose work has conduced greatly to the elevation of the American stage, once pronounced the primary stage requisites to be "Industry, temperament and brains—but industry first and last."

Theatrical people have their joys and woes, loves and hates, virtues and sins, like all the rest of the world, no more, no less, except in so far as the nervous temperament is more readily moved to human friction and to human generosity than less emotional natures.



THE GRASSHOPPER'S REFORMATION

THE grasshopper passed the entire summer in singing. Winter came, and he was hungry, so he begged of the ant a morsel of food. The industrious ant asked: "What have you been doing all summer?" "I sang night and day," said the grasshopper.

"You sang!" exclaimed the ant. "Ah! Very well then! *Dance now.*"

Perhaps the prudent ant in this fable was wiser than kind, but he displayed the logic of the born disciplinarian, whose importance in life is indisputable. If the merry grasshopper had himself disciplined his frivolous inclinations, he need not have besought his provident neighbor for bread and received a stone. The apparently unsympathetic ant touched the grasshopper's pride by the caustic advice to take the consequences of his own

act cheerfully, as no gift of provender accompanied by a doctrinal sermon would have done. A few words well chosen go farther than a prosy volume, and bread given the lazy beggar is like making hay in the rain. There is no better time for singing than during the sunny summer days, and if the grasshopper had meditated while he sang, his thoughts might have turned to bread when winter came, but evidently our misguided acquaintance was thoughtless in his tunes, and without due respect for the morrow. A sermon delivered upon idle ways would only have irritated him, without awakening a glimmer of self-knowledge, whereas the edge of that "dance now" cut straight through his armor of indifference. It is to be hoped he never spent another summer so unwisely.

I like to think, that with one prolonged, surprised stare at the ant, he jumped away with brave energy, danced awhile in open sight of the disciplinarian, then under some autumn leaves busied himself in canvassing ways and means. From that moment he began to look about in the recesses of his own nature where both men and grasshoppers find their best strength, it being once recognized in pursuance of Socrates' teachings. After beholding himself a parasite, feeding upon his neighbors, the word beggar crept in and out of his brain, hovering about that phrase "dance now." Soon there followed a healthy scorn of himself. Was he not better equipped both in looks and brains than the ant? He might sing and dance as much as he pleased, but at the same time he would show the ant that he could catch flies with anybody. So began the grasshopper's self-discipline. He who is self-taught is his own master. The grasshopper had never seen himself until that moment when the ant spoke.

If men would take a month out of every year in which to turn inside out the real man hidden within, become intimately acquainted with him, then proceed to discipline him, they need not accept unwelcome advice from their neighbors. The tree of discipline takes strongest root at home.

GILBERT PARKER'S HEROINES

WHEN we look up at a starry sky and see there among the myriads of bright dots one prominent, glowing, singularly beautiful star, we not only echo the childish verse, and "wonder what you are," but our maturer minds also aspire to probe to the heart of what is so delightfully extraordinary, hoping, perhaps, to steal a ray of light. Just so one feels about Gilbert Parker's power as a fictionist, and particularly as regards his making of heroines now in the time of his ripened talents.

What has Mr. Parker that other writers have not, lending him the touch that makes a woman real on paper? His Alixe may not be more graceful, more winsome, more dual-natured than other people's fictitious women, but she is certainly more truthfully feminine than any other contemporaneous heroine of my acquaintance. Her faults, her virtues and her ways are neither inhumanly good nor inhumanly bad. The deserted wife and mother, in "The Battle of the Strong," is of a nobler type, broader and deeper than Alixe, but even the broad strokes with which she is shaped are not in humanly large. Mr. Parker tells so much about women that only women themselves are supposed to know, that we suspect the author of possessing those component elements of genius—a woman's intuition and a man's grasp, reversing the order of George Eliot's gifts.

A Glance at New Books



Conducted by Helen Ashley Jones

"NO. 5 JOHN STREET"

IN "No. 5 John Street" we have essentially a book of contrasts; a book wherein the lights are dazzlingly brilliant, and the shadows very dark and gruesome. The method of treating a subject so much discussed, over which the world's philanthropists seem to labor in vain, is unique and interesting. Mr. Richard Whiteing shows us the two extremes of London life, not in panoramic glimpses which quickly pass, leaving a vague, fleeting impression, but strong, living pictures, filled with either misery, or the luxurious ease which great wealth can bring. He gives us long views of John Street people, seeming to blend, for the time, his life with theirs, awaking our sympathy, arousing our too apathetic minds to a sense of our indifference, and gently forcing upon us the recognition of sterling qualities which a rough exterior too often conceals. The brightest scenes of London fashionable life are brilliantly painted, with exquisite detail and elaborate display—the useless lives of its devotees, with a satirical emphasis on their philanthropic fads

—the two points of view which we have of the world are almost perfect. The tone of conviction which Mr. Whiteing has imparted to the shadowy side is very impressive. And the tragedies of John Street which are of most daily occurrence, speak volumes in themselves. It is a dominant book, throbbing with the life of the city in its two extremes. Century Co.

"THAT FORTUNE"

ALMOST anything of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner is readable and always welcome; we are sure to read something which has no trace of hurry about it, a subject leisurely and well thought out. "That Fortune" is like a pleasure sail on a long shining river, where all around us we can catch some half hidden beauty. The story is one of a trilogy, and incidentally shows how the toppling of one fortune builds to sudden dizzy heights that of some one else. Wealth versus brains is a dominant feature of the book, and, much to our satisfaction, brains are triumphant. The vulgarity of mere

riches without any true sense of refinement, as compared with the simplicity and genuineness of life of the educated, if somewhat worldly people, is strongly emphasized, though in a perfectly natural and easy way. It is a delightful story, full of that quiet humor which is such a prominent characteristic of the writer. Harper Bros.

"THE GREATER INCLINATION"

THERE is always pleasure in reading anything which is well written, quite regardless often of the subject involved, in which are well-turned phrases, artistic finish, beautiful language, and a brilliant repartee; this in itself would redeem a book from stupidity. All this Miss Edith Wharten has accomplished in "The Greater Inclination," but that sketches of this sort can be of any great interest is doubtful. She is an artist in portraying mental attitudes, but they are nothing but poses, after all, with a suggestion here and there which half reveals, and only half conceals, some great movement or event. We are constantly on the lookout for something which does not happen, and we wish it would. It seems a waste of energy for a writer with such a wealth of talent and prodigality of idea to put out a book like this, mere sketches, which are so limited and, but for Miss Wharten, commonplace. Scribners.

"MARY CAMERON"

A NEW way of treating the "old, old subject," is enough in itself to insure success to any book, and we cannot but admire a successful attempt. First of all comes the selection of characters and the subsequent development of the humaneness in them, their emotions and everyday life. Aside from the almost poetic beauty of Miss Edith

Sawyer's description of the sea and coast in "Mary Cameron," there is a wonderful naturalness about her men and women which instantly charms us, and our sympathy leaps up in immediate response to the womanly girl whose purity, sincerity and loving tenderness to the old father is touching in the extreme, and rare enough in these prosaic days; it revives our faith, restores our confidence in the higher ideals—we feel like trying to resurrect our old standards, moving along regardless of cynics. What is the world without standards, anyway? This book raises a multitude of thoughts and half-observed ideas, and strengthens our belief in the true and good. It is most essentially wholesome, and what is a relief nowadays, does not depend upon glaring contrasts—for its effects, what there are, seem more like the varying tones of the same color, like the greens of a landscape in mid-summer. The greatest contrast is between the society girl and the heroine from Fisherman's Island—and that is not offensively strong. The dashes of local color add a touch of naturalism which will be enjoyed by Bostonians especially, and completes an altogether charming book. Benj. H. Sanborn & Co.

"IN CASTLE AND COLONY"

IT is encouraging to note an increase from year to year of American writers who seem to find enough of interest in their country around which to weave their thread of romance, and to select some familiar location for thrilling incidents, of which there were, in fact, many. The struggle of the Swedes against their formidable and victorious rivals, the Dutchmen, is the selection made by Edith Rainer in her recent book, "In Castle and Colony." The greatest fault is that she has

tried to cover too much in one story, and has overstrained the situation and incidents. The book is melodramatic, and sometimes tedious, but is not without some very good points. Her hero is a little too much like a model, but the story, taken altogether, is fairly good. Stone, Chicago.

"BLACK ROCK"

FEWER efforts of men are more appreciated, and receive less assistance and sympathy, than those of the unselfish pioneers in missionary work, regardless of locality; their reward in this world is apt to be a cynical criticism, arising not only from lack of interest or belief, but also from ignorance. The tact and common sense required, the leveling of one's individualities, and all social life are things too often ignored; taking everything into consideration, it requires not a little enthusiasm to write a book like "Black Rock." It is the story of the struggles, victories and defeats of an earnest missionary among miners in the wilds of Canada, his devotion and love for and watchfulness over his fellow men, miners and loggers though they were. There is a lofty spirit through the book, and Ralph Conner has told the stories in a manly style. The book is suited especially for Sunday school libraries, where, as an incentive for Christian endeavor, it will be valuable. Fleming H. Revell Company.

"DRIVES AND PUTS"

FOR golfers' almost exclusive interest is the book, "Drives and Puts," written by Walter Camp, in collaboration with Lillian Brook. They are stories teeming with technicalities and the spirit of the game, and to any one familiar with golf they will be exciting

little sketches of match games, in which the feminine element is introduced, giving charming bits of color. The stories are sparkling and not offensively sporty; the human nature in them being particularly well brought out. Every golf enthusiast will read this book with interest and appreciation. But it will appeal to few others. L. C. Page & Co.

"TALES OF THE MALAYAN COAST"

"TALES of the Malayan Coast" is a collection of stories which will easily compare in interest with any tales recently told concerning those remote lands. They are based on the experience of Mr. Rounsvelle Wildman, who for nine years lived among the people as representative of the United States government, and became unusually familiar with their customs and mode of living. The stories are bright, seldom overdone or exaggerated, but are true and often exciting descriptions of common occurrences in this tropical land of tigers and Dyaks, between whom, form seems to be the greatest difference. We grow quite familiar with Singapore, Sarawak and the outlying districts, while the perfect descriptions of bungalow life, the touching love tales of native women, and the crowning of a sultan form a variety of subjects, through which, however, there seems to run a connecting thread. Mr. Wildman's vocabulary is somewhat limited, which causes a too frequent repetition, but the felicitous way he has of telling things, the lack of conspicuous egotism, make these tales of more than passing interest, besides appealing strongly to that love of adventure which seems to be latent in us all. The book is issued by The Lothrop Publishing Company.

"HENRY WORTHINGTON, IDEALIST"

McMILLAN & CO. have just published a story on the moral significance of money, by Mrs. Margaret Sherwood, which will undoubtedly create a good deal of discussion among thinking people, in a quiet way. Ever since Charles Dudley Warner's "Little Journey in the World" made its appearance, with the gentle note of warning against making a god of mammon, this subject has been constantly brought before the reading public.

"Henry Worthington, Idealist," is a novel with a purpose; but the moral does not obscure or spoil the story. A young college professor, full of ambition and desire to help make the world better, becomes a sociologist through certain circumstances. His conscience rebels at receiving a large endowment for his college from a man whose enormous wealth has been gained by means legally fair enough, but morally dishonest. The rich man's daughter, also possessed of a sensitive conscience, leaves her father's home to investigate how his employees live—to actually share their life and see the world from their standpoint.

Worthington, engaged in like investigation, meets her: and they fall in love. Mrs. Sherwood does not sacrifice romance to the industrial question she is discussing, and the story as a story is not in the least labored. There are many bits of bright repartee, and pretty scenes. Her problem, and its plea for more business morality in this busy, material world, are feelingly—often eloquently presented; and although she does not give us any specific antidote for the evil of gilded wrong-doing in an industrial sense, "the might of the right" triumphs in the happiness of the two lovers. It is an exceedingly interesting book on one of the vital issues of modern life.

"DEFICIENT SAINTS"

"DEFICIENT SAINTS," by Marshal Saunders, is a Maine novel. In a picturesque seacoast town, where live the odd and interesting characters of seafaring life, the story has its setting, and it contains a choice amount of proverbial colloquialism, seldom to be had in novels. The village characters are not overdrawn—their life seems lonely and uninteresting. But deeper in the opening an undercurrent of true fiction is evident, and the reader is led with ordinary curiosity along the course until the channel widens and opens up into an intensely interesting drama of everyday life, supported throughout with commonsense religious philosophy. The worthy Puritan mother-in-law, who is too pious to be good, has her eyes opened by a kind, but outspoken cousin. The beauty of spirit and character which is modestly triumphant in each incident, have a flavor and relish to the reader, which few authors achieve. L. C. Page.

"THE DESPATCH BOAT OF THE WHISTLE"

THE recent war will furnish writers with a fertile field for some time to come. Already we have much in that line, some good, some very bad, and some worthless. "The Despatch Boat of the Whistle" may be numbered among the fairly good; the subject, however, has too short a perspective, and it lacks that soft atmosphere which distance alone can give. It is the chronicle of the experience of a newspaper despatch boat in search of facts during the war, and with its touch of bravado will be interesting to the younger readers, who are not too critical as to style or a little crudeness. The facts purport to be, with few exaggerations, from life—and are not too impossible. D. Lothrop & Co.



THE NATIONAL QUESTION CLASS

Membership in this class is free to all our readers. Send for certificate of membership.

Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Frazer

PRIZE WINNERS FOR SEPTEMBER

First Prize: Miss Jennie Whitney,
16 Loomis Street, Burlington, Vt.

Second Prize: Hyman Askowith, 81
Albion Street, Boston, Mass.

Third Prize: Miss Marietta Matthews,
150 Pleasant Street, Worcester,
Mass.

Fourth Prize: Miss Mary Geneva
Rathbun, Mystic, Conn.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN SEPTEMBER

Literature

1. Jean Froissart (1337-1410) was the author of "Froissart's Chronicles," which cover events occurring from 1326-1400, and are valuable as showing the manners and characters of the age. A fine manuscript of the "Chronicles" in the library at Breslau was executed in 1468. They have been translated into several modern languages, as well as Latin; England having two translations, which fact shows their great popularity.

2. One of the three famous pulpit orators of Louis XIV. time was Jacques Benigne Bossuet (1627-1704), whose "Orations Funebres" and historical pamphlets are models of directness and art drawn from literary study of the bible. He was made tutor to the Dauphin, and discharged his duties with such care as to receive the appointment of the bishopric of Meaux. Francois de Salignac Fenelon (1651-1715) at one time tutor to the Duke of Burgundy, grandson of Louis XIV.,

was another famous pulpit orator of his time. His fame as an educator, both as teacher and author of educational works, is great. Jean Baptiste Massillon (1604-1742,) was a third distinguished pulpit orator.

3. "Telemaque," written by Fenelon, was long a model of style for foreign students of French. He wrote it at a time when he was acting as a tutor to the King's grandsons, the Dukes of Burgundy, Berry and Anjou, for their benefit, and not intending it for publication. Later in his career Fenelon became to a certain extent an upholder of Madame Guyon, the apostle of "Quietism," which together with his book "Maximes of the Saints," led to his falling from royal favor. At this time a servant who had been hired for the purpose, copied the "Telemaque" and sold it to the publishers without giving them the name of the author, but when Louis XIV. learned that Fenelon was the author, he chose to consider the book a satire on his court, and as a consequence Fenelon never regained the royal favor. The "Telemaque" is by far his best work; it relates the adventures of Telemachus while in search of his father Ulysses.

4. C. de Montesquieu (1689-1755): A French historian and critic, who displayed a broader mind than others of his time. He was in a certain sense a reformer, as in the "Spirit of Laws," he calls attention to the superiority of the English constitution, and this had

a great influence in determining the destinies of France, as well as the whole continent; for they have come more and more to adopt the constitutional principles which he advocated.

5. Madame de Sevigne (1626-1696) was a most charming correspondent, and there are some three thousand of her letters. Madam de Sevigne was left a widow with a son and daughter in 1651; in 1654 she went to Paris, where she remained a literary leader for nearly forty years. After the marriage of her daughter in 1669 this famous correspondence really begins, and is filled with court news, town talk, descriptions of the baths at Vichy, etc. The letters continue, interrupted only by occasional visits from Madame de Grignon, until her death. This correspondence with her daughter was especially interesting; in speaking of it to Madame de Grignon she says she gives to her "the top of all the baskets, the flowers of her wit, head, eyes, pen, style; and the rest get on as they can."

Art

1. A church at Bruges, Belgium, contains a much prized, life-size statue of the Madonna, sculptured by Michael Angelo.

2. David Teniers, the younger, married for his first wife, in 1637, a daughter of Jan Brueghel (called velvet Brueghel). The lady was a ward of Rubens, of whom Teniers was a great admirer, and it is stated a pupil, and in this way Teniers met her. Rubens was one of the witnesses at the marriage ceremony.

3. The Fedora, or Fodor Museum is situated on the Keizersgracht in Amsterdam, and was founded by a wealthy merchant named Fodor, who died in 1860. It contains a valuable collection of ancient and modern masters, kept in a building erected and maintained with funds left for that purpose by the donor of the museum.

4. The Carlotta Villa on Lake Como, was purchased for Princess Albrecht, of Prussia in 1843, and received its name from her daughter Charlotte, formerly being called Villa Sommariva from its owner. The interior contains a frieze by Thorwaldsen representing the triumph of Alexander, and in the same room is Canova's "Cupid and Psyche."

5. The colossal statue of S. Carlo Borromeo, designed by Crespi and modelled by Cerano, was erected on the shore of Lake Maggiore in 1697 by the members of the Borromeo family. It is sixty-six feet high, on a pedestal forty feet high; the head, neck and feet are of bronze, the rest of copper. Carlo Borromeo (1537-1585) was the second son of Count Borromeo, one of the noble families of Lombardy. He was dedicated to the church from his infancy, and when only twenty-three his uncle, Pope Pius IV., created him Cardinal and Archbishop of Milan. On the death of his elder brother he inherited vast estates, but used their revenues, as well as those of his diocese, in charitable works, himself subsisting on bread and water and sleeping upon straw. His travels as a missionary extended through all parts of his bishopric, and in the time of the plague at Milan (1575) he showed great devotion to his people, selling a valuable property of Oria for 40,000 crowns to aid them; in spite of his constant exposure to the disease in caring for the sick, he was not one of its victims. He was canonized by Paul V. in 1610, and is still known throughout his former diocese as "The Good Saint."

General

1. In 1806, the tailors established the first labor organization in the United States, in the present form of a trades-union.

2. The society of Cincinnati is an association founded by the officers of

the American Revolution after the peace of 1783 was declared. It was established to commemorate the success of the Revolution, and to perpetuate feelings of patriotism and brotherly love, and was organized at the headquarters of Baron Steuben in New York on the Hudson, being made up of the general officers in camp and delegates from the different lines, with the Baron presiding. The original draft for the constitution was made by General Knox. Badges uniting the colors of blue and white and the eagle were adopted; a fund was established for relieving the needy members; several French officers were made honorary members for life. George Washington was elected president-general in 1787 and re-elected triennially as long as he lived; Hamilton and Pinckney were his successors. When Lafayette visited this country in 1824-25 he was the last surviving major. Robert Burnett, who died in 1854, was the last survivor of the original association.

3. A son was born to William White and his wife on board the Mayflower, after it was in New England waters, and while the colonists were in search of a landing-place. They named him Peregrine, as they facetiously said "he was the last of the Pilgrims."

4. Salary originally meant salt money, being money given to the Roman soldiers for salt, and part of their pay.

5. The first suggestion of a savings-bank was made by Defoe in 1697, and the first to be established was that of Berne, Switzerland in 1787.

Jennie Whitney.

FIFTEEN QUESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER

Literature

1. What great English poet was the third son of a clergyman in a small town, and what is the character of his literary work?

2. What were the most important facts in the life of Shakespeare?

3. Which of Lord Macaulay's Essays is the most famous?

4. Milton's elegy "Lycidas" was written under what circumstances?

5. Which one of our great writers graduated from Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, in the same class with Longfellow? What was his first literary work, and how was it received?

Art

1. What was Titian's method of work?

2. What, and where are the two noblest equestrian statues of the world? (Both in Italy.)

3. Who was Holman Hunt, and what one of his pictures is most familiar to us in engraving?

4. Who was Millais, and what is the story of his work on a bit of wall, in a painting we are quite familiar with in engraving?

5. Where did Sir Frederick Leighton study, and what great picture made him famous at twenty-five years? Who at once bought it?

General

1. Who is Mrs. Wetter?

2. What is called the "Swiss Thermopylae" and what commemorates it at Basle?

3. What were the "Child Pilgrimages" and "Crusades?"

4. Why do we speak of "palmy days?"

5. What was the origin of "caucus," and where was the first one held?

PRIZES FOR NOVEMBER

First Prize: "Who's Who in America," a book of reference.

Second Prize: "So Runs The World," by Sienkiewicz.

Third Prize: "The Fall of Santiago," by Vivian.

Fourth Prize: "Christ and His Time," by Dallas Lore Sharp.



Publisher's Department

WHEN Admiral Dewey passed the office of "The National Magazine" in the parade at Boston, we could almost fancy that the distinguished hero gave our sign a special glance as he lifted his chapeau, recalling those long cloudless days in the tropics, when under the awnings of his flagship, he perused the pages of "The National Magazine" and later entertained Mr. Peter McQueen, staff representative of this magazine, on board the "Olympia." But we will be generous and concede that some of the 700,000 other spectators along the line of march came in for a share of his attention.

THE occasion was an epoch making event. Over 25,000 Boston school children massed upon the historic common to give the hero welcome. This was the first time this had been done since the welcome to Admiral Farragut, and has previously been enacted less than a dozen times in commemoration of great national events. The Hub was under the spell and no city ever more truly reflects and responds to great national impulses than Boston.

AFTER the parade and directly in front of "The National Magazine" office, there was enacted a scene in which our readers will feel a personal interest. The Naval Brigade halted on Bedford street and presented arms. Then, led by a splendid band, playing "Auld Lang Syne" came the sailors of the "Olympia," in that easy, sauntering and swinging gait, characteristic of sailors. The combined lungs of the force of "The National Magazine" greeted the dauntless heroes of Cavite. There were scores of eyes from the Olympian heroes turned on "The National Magazine" office, and when they saw the sign it recalled an old friend in the Philippines, for they had a special admiration for Mr. MacQueen of "The National Magazine," who was at Manila among them for many months. So far apart and yet so nearly together, go and come the things which make up American life at the end of the nineteenth century. The patriotic spirit and enthusiasm of the American people are awakened and intensified by such events. Only to greet such men as the sea kings of Manila, the heroes of Santiago, and the splendidly equipped and disciplined

militia of Massachusetts is an experience which imbues myriads with a life-long love of the American union.

PARALLELS of history are always interesting. At about the same time that the Pilgrim fathers landed at Plymouth, the Dutch and Huguenot refugees landed in South Africa. Later, when in devout and solemn praise the spirit that gave birth to Thanksgiving was instituted, the circumstances surrounding these two singularly important epoch-making events were similar. Both of the sturdy bands had started from Holland for similar reasons; each had their struggles on unknown shores against starvation and contest with the natives. Each was to play an important part in the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race, and although more than a century has spanned the interim, the struggle against the rule of the "mother country" was begun and independence secured. Here the parallel ceases for the time—but the struggle in the Transvaal to-day is only another revolution of the wheel that marks off the race. Information concerning the struggle in the Transvaal evokes a deep human interest and Mr. Hastings gives a summary of personal impressions in this issue of "The National Magazine."

NOW is the time you can speak a good word for "The National Magazine" and see that your own subscription is entered and that your friend's name also appears on our books. We have a rich feast of good things in store for our readers for 1900, which represents more than a dollar par value in magazine reading. The prospectus indicates the purpose of an aggressive and vigorous periodical in close touch with national thought.

A LARGE number of letters have been received by our "Advertising Expert" during the past month in answer to the prize queries which we submitted in the last issue. As a large number of new subscribers have been added since then we re-publish the offer in order that all readers of "The National Magazine" may have an opportunity of competing for the prize and giving us the information desired.

Two prizes will be awarded on Christmas. The first prize will be ten dollars and the second five dollars, for the best answers to the following questions according to your observation and belief:

1. Who are the closest readers of magazine advertisements, men or women, and why?
2. What is the most attractive advertisement in this issue of "The National Magazine," and why?
3. What is the most convincing advertisement in this issue? Would it influence you to purchase the goods advertised, and if so, why?
4. Do women chiefly influence the purchasing for the men of the family, and which is more effective in inducing women to purchase, magazine or newspaper advertising, and why?
5. Do you hold a magazine in the right or left hand when reading, and does a right or left hand page first attract attention, and why?

It will be interesting to know the range of popularity and convincing powers of the various advertisements in "The National Magazine." The result shows that it requires all kinds of advertisements to suit all kinds of people. The evidence accumulating in this contest is a notable discovery of the thoroughness and acuteness with which magazine advertisements are read. The prizes will be awarded Christmas, and do not fail to send in your replies as early as possible.

THE SAILOR.

Words and Music by W. A. CAEY.

Lively.

1. The sail - or lives a -
5. The ship he loads be -

board the ship, And sails up - on the sea; He climbs the mast and
side the wharf, With goods of ev - 'ry kind; Then sails a - way to

furls the sails, And loves his life so free. 2. The cap - tain on his
for - eign lands, A pur - cha - ser to find. 6. And when he there has

ritard. *a tempo.*

ship at sea, Takes charge of all the crew; And gives his orders to the mate, Who
sold his goods, For prices that are high; He loads the ship with other things, That

Copyright, 1899, by W. A. CAEY.

THE SAILOR.

tells them what to do. 3. To raise the an-chor, hoist the sails, And coil the
folks at home will buy. 7. With spi-ces, wines and cat-tle's hides, With silks and

ropes a - way; To take their turns at steering, For the ship sails night and
san-dal wood; With rais-ins, figs and or-anges, And other things as

day. 4. Twice ev-'ry hour they strike the bell, To show the time of day;
good. 8. And then with car-go all a-board, And decks all scrubbed so clean;

And by the compass they can tell, Just where to steer the way.
The ship now home-ward bound again, Sails over the waters green.

"HISTORIC GREEN BAY"

By Fenton S. Fox

ODE TO GREEN BAY

Bright gem in proud Wisconsin's crown,
 Fair city of Green Bay,
 Thine ancient honor and renown—
 Thy glory of to-day—
 Might well inspire some poet's lyre
 Among thy gifted ones,
 And fill with patriotic fire
 Thy daughters and thy sons.
 No "mushroom city" sprung to light,
 (Like some we know full well)
 In one short day, or one brief night;
 For history's pages tell
 That in the grand, heroic days
 Thou hadst thine honored birth,
 The times when good Pere Allouez
 Yet walked upon the earth.
 Pere Allouez and Pere Marquette
 Praised be each honored name!
 Through History's eyes we see them yet,
 Each word a living flame.
 Proud is the city that can trace,
 With History's iron pen,
 Its origin to such a base
 As these heroic men!

Charles Perez Murphy

I DISCOVERED Green Bay in 1890. It was a great find, but it so happened that others—many of them—had been engaged in the same enterprise since 1634. The real importance and value of my discovery, belated as it was, never occurred to me until several years later, in New York, while chatting with some acquaintances in the Park Avenue Hotel. A graduate of Cornell college professed never to have heard of the place. As a matter of fact there was not a member of the party who had the remotest idea that such a town existed.

When I told them that Eugene Nicolette, a Jesuit missionary, in search of China, landed at the present site of Green Bay in 1634, they smiled in a wise manner. When I told them that Jeff Davis had commanded old Fort Howard, just across the river from the place, and that it was headquarters for

the John Jacob Astor Fur Company, they shook their heads and left me to my meditations.

I made up my mind that the only way to convince those fellows would be to get the facts in print.

There was a meeting of the Wisconsin State Historical Society in Green Bay early in September. It was called the "First Field Meeting," although the sessions were held in the Knights of Pythias Hall.

The meeting lasted three days, and if those doubting New York friends of mine could have been present they would have concluded that I was very modest in my claims for Green Bay's history.

Knights of Pythias Hall and the adjacent apartments were converted into a vast museum. What a collection of rare, priceless curios, relics and treasures were loaned and displayed by the proud descendants of the founders of the place.

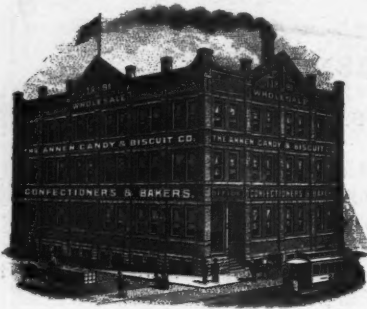
Sixty-three men and women contributed to the exhibit, and 529 articles

GREEN BAY GENERAL HOSPITAL



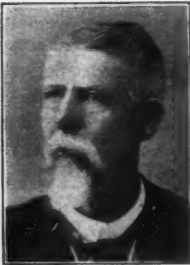
THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

THE ANNEN CANDY AND BISCUIT CO



were shown. Those who contributed the articles were: Mrs. J. S. Baker, Mrs. Carleton Merrill, Mrs. Charles Cotton, Mrs. J. H. Elmore, Mrs. B. C. Brett, Mrs. F. Harder, Mrs. Wm. Larson, Mrs. J. M. Schoemaker, D. H. Grignon, E. F. Parker, B. L. Parker, Mrs. Martha Pearce, Mrs. J. Delaney, Miss Louise Blesch, Mrs. Frank Snyder,

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Miss L. Ellsworth, Mrs. C. R. Merrill, Mrs. W. B. Gueinzus, Mrs. W. T. Moger, Mrs. O. L. Harder, John D. Lawe, Mrs. A. C. Robinson, Mrs. W. P. Wagner, F. E. Teetshorn, Mrs. Dora Clark, Mrs. George L. North, James Armstrong, S. W. Harten, Mrs. W. J. Abrams, Mrs. A. C. Neville, Misses Desnoyers, Miss C. A. McCormick, Mrs. Beyers, Mrs. Eastman, Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. S. W. Lawton, Mrs. J. S. Dunham, De Pere, Rev. Theo. John Vanden Brock, Little Chute, Bishop Niessmer, Father Fox, H. W. Fisk, Mr. and Mrs. Eleazer Williams, James Howlett, Frank Tilton, Mrs. Sam Bell, Mrs. M. O. Crane, Mrs. E. H. Ellis, Mrs. John Schoemaker, Mrs. A. W. Kimball, Mrs. S. J. Murphy, Mrs. Mary Brunette,

Miss Sophia Neville, Mrs. E. S. Martin, Mrs. George G. Greene, Mrs. S. D. Hastings, Miss H. B. Irwin, Mrs. A. W. Kimball, Mrs. Wm. Luckenbach, Mrs. Charles Grignon, Mrs. Charles Lawton. Seldom has there been such a fine collection brought together.

The program was in brief as follows, and gives a pretty fair idea of the scope of the meeting:

W. L. EVANS



Address of welcome—By Hon. E. H. Ellis of Green Bay.

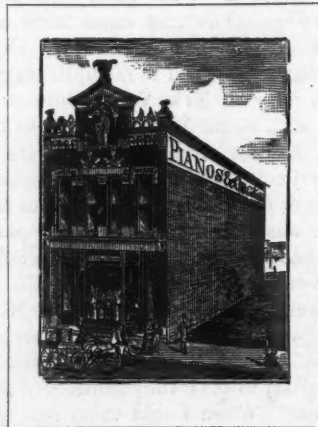
Response—By Vice-President W. W. Wight, of Milwaukee.

On the Study of Local History—By Secretary Reuben G. Thwaites.

The Fox River Valley in the Days of the Fur Trade—By Miss Deborah Beaumont Martin of Green Bay.

Life at the Rev. Cutting Marsh's Stockbridge Mission (1829-46)—By Miss

A BUSY CORNER



Florence Elizabeth Baker, of the State Historical Staff, Madison.

HISTORIC GREEN BAY

Talk on places of Interest to be Seen on trip to De Pere—By Arthur C. Neville of Green Bay.

Historical Pilgrimage to De Pere—Steamboat ride to the old home of Eleazar Williams, "The Dauphin." Upon the return, stop at De Pere, as the guests of the people of that city, to unveil an historical monument erected near the old chapel site of the Jesuit Mission of St. Francis Xavier. The

Acceptance of the same in trust, by Reuben G. Thwaites, Secretary of the Society, delegating the unveiling to Miss Elizabeth Smith, Public Librarian of De Pere. Mr. Thwaites exhibited and told the story of the famous ostensorium given to St. Francis Xavier Mission in 1686 by Nicholas Perrot, commandant for the French in the West.

The early Jesuit Missions in the Fox

THE QUEEN'S CLUB



beautiful bronze tablet bears the following inscription:

Near this spot | stood the chapel of St. Francis Xavier | built in the winter of 1671-72 by | Father Claude Allouze, S. J., | as the center of his work | in Christianising the Indians | of Wisconsin. | This Memorial Tablet | was erected by the citizens of De Pere | and unveiled by the | State Historical Society of Wisconsin | Sept. 6, 1899.

Presentation of Monument to the State Historical Society—By Hon. R. J. McGeehan, Mayor of De Pere.

River Valley—By Rt. Rev. Dr. S. G. Messmer, R. C. Bishop of Green Bay (address read by Mgr. J. J. Fox).

The coming of the New York Indians to Wisconsin—By Rev. John Nelson Davidson of Two Rivers.

The Story of the Fox-Wisconsin River Improvement—By Dr. John B. Sanborn of Ohio the State University.

The Intellectual Life of the Fox River Valley—By Mrs. Ella Hoes Neville of Green Bay.

Tales of the Cities. Ten minute

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

HON. T. J. McGRATH, PRESIDENT BOARD OF TRADE



talks upon the historical significance of the principal cities of the Fox River Valley, by the following representatives thereof: Berlin—Charles G. Starks; Oshkosh—Hon. George Gary; Neenah and Menasha—Hon. P. V. Lawson; Appleton—Hon. Sam Ryan; Kaukauna—Dr. Herbert B. Tanner; De Pere—E. F. Parker; Sturgeon Bay—George W. Allen.

The First English Settlement in the Fox River Valley—Hon. Elihu Spencer of Appleton.

Steamboat ride down the river and bay, to Red Banks, the mythical Eden of the Winnebagoes. A brief talk upon the Story of the Banks.

"Green Bay never had a boom; its growth has been steady," said an old citizen. Ten years ago the population was about 12,000. Then Fort Howard, just across the river,

decided to be annexed, and Greater Green Bay was born. To-day there are 22,000 people in the city.

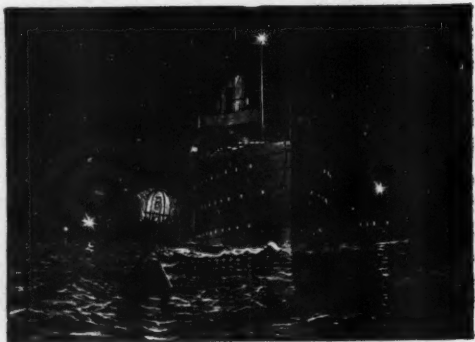
No place is endowed with more natural advantages than those possessed by Green Bay and the surrounding region. It is the key to the northwest.

The city should be the great metropolis of the state—yes—in the northwest. Years before any of the great, thriving cities of this wonderful western country were thought of Green Bay was a "staid, historic town," as the poet says. Even now there seems no good reason why it should not grow into at least the second position in size in the state. No more ideal place for the location of manufactories can be found. Such shipping facilities are afforded at no other place

in the state. The river and peerless Green bay are great water highways to the world's markets; the Chicago & Northwestern, C. M. & St. P., G. B. & W., and K. G. B. & W. railroads give an outlet and afford shipping facilities that few small cities can boast of, or ever hope to equal.

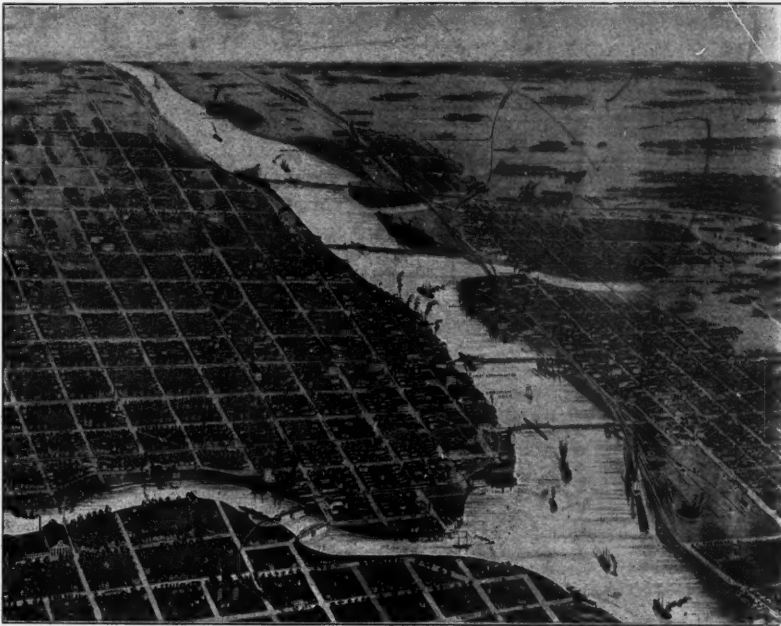
Three handsomer railroad stations

PINCHT BUOY LIGHTS IN GREEN BAY HARBOR



HISTORIC GREEN BAY

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF GREEN BAY



can not be found in any city in the state, outside of Milwaukee; the city water supply comes from a number of artesian wells; fish can be caught by the hundreds. One may enjoy boating to his heart's content; a finer summer resort can not be found in the northwest, and there are many other features combining to make Green Bay the most attractive place in the whole state.

Twelve miles away from the city, on the eastern shore of Green bay, is a beautiful private summer resort. It is called Kish-ke-kwan-te-no. That's Indian. The place is also known as Red Banks. There are many beautiful cottages, a hotel, and other attractions. Each year the place becomes more popular, and it is believed that sooner or later Red Banks will become a great resort.

Brown county, of which Green Bay

is the county seat, has a population of 50,000.

There is a grand industrial and social future opening before Green Bay, as is clearly realized by its enterprising citizens.

GREEN BAY BUSINESS COLLEGE AND PUBLIC LIBRARY





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soon enough.
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hair and add
twenty years
to your
looks? And
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such short,
thin hair?
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little. 'Twill
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